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VESTRY HARMONIES.

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From the collection
of the
UNIVERSALIST HISTORICAL
SOCIETY

VESTRY HARMONIES:

A

COLLECTION OF HYMNS AND TUNES

FOR ALL OCCASIONS OF

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

By John G. Adams.

"Let us come before his presence with singing."—Psalms.

BOSTON:
UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.
1870.

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PREFACE.

This work has been issued to meet a demand. Its title indicates its character. It is the result of much careful selection, and of the examination of competent judges as to its adaptedness to the uses for which it is intended.

In the Vestry-room meeting—now one of the essential religious helps with most of the Christian sects; in the devotional services of the family; and in all seasons of social Christian worship, this collection, we hope, may be found to be an aid and inspiration.

The compiler has sought to present in this little volume, as great a variety of Hymns as the size of the book would allow. Although many of them are fully expressive of the distinctive theology of a Christian sect, it is believed that nearly if not all of them can be sung in the spirit by all true lovers of Christ and Christianity.

The tunes, it will be seen, are both old and new; some of them being among the few enduring, if not "immortal," ones, "that were not born to die."

The compiler gratefully acknowledges his indebtedness to the authors and publishers who have so readily and kindly granted him the use of their tunes and hymns for this work. While their generous "permission" has added richness to his book, it will be the means of extending still more widely their claims on the Christian public as contributors to its spiritual enjoyment and improvement.

A few introductory exercises are added to the book, for use in meetings conducted by laymen, or in which a brief liturgical service would be agreeable.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1868, by the
UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of Massachusetts.

EDWARD L. BALCH, Music Typographer, No. 14 Kilby St., Boston.

OPENING EXERCISES

FOR A MEETING OF

CHRISTIAN CONFERENCE, PRAYER AND PRAISE.

FIRST SERVICE.

HYMN.

SCRIPTURE LESSON.

SERVE the Lord with gladness; come before his presence with singing.

Know ye that the Lord he is God; it is he that hath made us and not we ourselves: We are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise; be thankful unto him and bless his name.

For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting, and his truth endureth to all generations.

How lovely are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts.

Blessed are they that dwell in thy house; they will be still praising thee.

For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

For the Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

RESPONSES.

Minister.—How excellent is thy loving kindness, O God!

Congregation.—Therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings.

M.—They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house.

C.—And thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures.

M.—For with thee is the fountain of life;

C.—In thy light shall we see light.

M.—The people which sat in darkness saw great light.

C.—And to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up.

M.—For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness,

C.—Hath shined in our hearts;

M.—To give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God

C.—In the face of Jesus Christ.

M.—Jesus said, I am the light of the world. He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness;

C.—But shall have the light of life.

PRAYER.

FATHER who art in heaven! Every day would we seek thee; morning and evening would we remember thee, and bless and praise thy name. At all times and seasons, as duty and opportunity call, would we unitedly ask of thee new supplies of that grace made known to us in Jesus Christ thy Son.

We assemble now that we may thus seek thee. Turning from the pursuits and cares of the world without, we come to realize thy nearness to us, and to have communion with thee in the greater world within. Our hearts, O Lord, seek thee; our souls ask thy presence, thy light, thy truth, thy peace. Assist our spirits, and fix our thoughts on thee!

Forgive our sins; quicken our perceptions of truth and duty; deepen our hatred of sin and our love of holiness.

We praise thee for the gift of thy Son Jesus Christ, and for that Gospel of thy loving-kindness revealed through him. We praise thee for this opportunity of meeting in his name. Shed abroad in our hearts his love. Verify to us the truth of thy Word, that where any of thy children are gathered together in thy name, thou wilt be with them, and that where thy Holy Spirit is, there is liberty.

Bless with us all thy churches, and promote the interests of thy heavenly kingdom everywhere throughout our land and world. We ask it in the name of Jesus Christ, thy Son, our Redeemer. Amen.

(Continuation of Service.)

SECOND SERVICE.

HYMN.

Scripture Lesson.

I BESEECH you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.

And be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God.

Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which it good.

Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love, in honor preferring one another.

Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord; rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer; distributing to the necessity of saints; given to hospitality.

Bless them which persecute you; bless and curse not.

Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep. Be of the same mind one toward another.

Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate. Be not wise in your own conceits. Recompense to no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men.

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

Responses.

Minister.—It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord.

Congregation.—To show forth his loving kindness in the morning, and his faithfulness every night.

M.—The Lord is merciful and gracious.

C.—Long suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth.

M.—Keeping mercy for thousands,

C.—Forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin.

M.—Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven.

C.—And in whose spirit there is no guile.

M.—The Lord is gracious and full of compassion;

C.—Slow to anger and of great mercy.

M.—The Lord is good to all.

C.—And his tender mercies are over all his works.

M.—God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son,

C.—That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.

PRAYER.

O THOU in whom we live, Creator, Father and Saviour of men! We would come to thee with praise; we would offer unto thee our prayers; we would perform unto thee our vows.

We thank thee that we can meet to worship thee, to read thy word, to inquire after truth, to implore of thee light and strength that we may know and do thy will.

For all that faithful belivers in thee have wrought to give us these blessings, we praise thee. May we not make their labors vain by misimprovement, by worldly thoughts, by indifference to our spiritual interests, by forgetfulness of thee. Sacred to our hearts be thy holy Word which declares to us thy love in Jesus Christ thy Son, that makes the path of duty plain, that opens to us the realms of immortality.

Holy Father, help us to feel that now we should commence eternal life with thee; that now we may have pure hearts and heavenly minds. Grant us thy blessing in this hour. May we find thee near us, and in thy light may we see that light which our souls most need. Give us full hearts out of which to speak freely of thy grace, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

(Continuation of Service.)

THIRD SERVICE.

HYMN.

Scripture Lesson.

If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the righteous:

And he is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.

And hereby we know that we know him, if we keep his commandments.

He that saith, I know him, and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him.

He that saith he abideth in him, ought himself to walk even as he walked.

He that saith he is in the light, and hateth his brother, is in darkness, even until now.

He that loveth his brother, abideth in the light, and there is no occasion of stumbling in him.

For this is the message from the beginning, that we should love one another.

We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.

Let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth.

Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.

Responses.

Minister.—Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised,

Congregation.—In the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness.

M.—How great are his signs, and how mighty are his wonders!

C.—His kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and his dominion is from generation to generation.

M.—O Lord God of hosts, who is a strong Lord like unto thee,

C.—Or to thy faithfulness round about thee.

M.—Justice and judgment are the habitation of thy throne;
C.—Mercy and truth shall go before thy face.
M.—Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound;
C.—They shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance.
M.—The kingdom of God is not meat and drink;
C.—But righteousness, and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.
M.—Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness,
C.—And all things needful shall be added unto you.

PRAYER.

God of all grace! We praise thee for what thou art, and for what thou hast revealed to us of thyself—of thy nature, thy purposes, thy promises of grace and salvation. All souls are thine. All were made for thy love and thy service, for thy presence and thy joy.

We thank thee that we may find access to thee at all times and in all places; but especially do we praise thee for the privilege of coming to thee through Jesus Christ thy Son, our Light and Lord, and the Light and Lord of all souls.

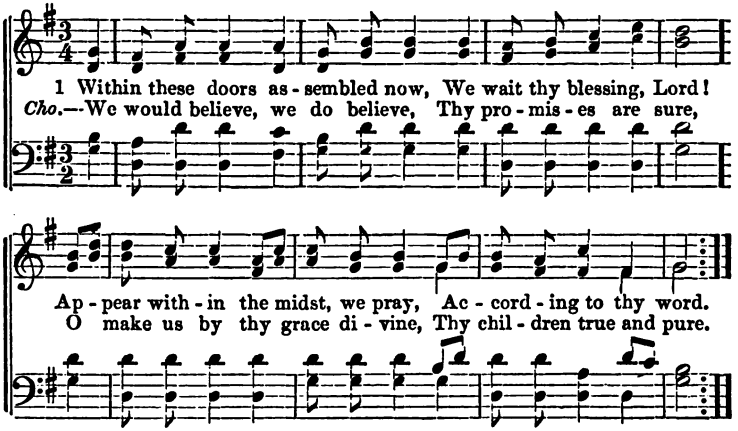
In his name we come to thee in this short season now granted us, of freedom from our worldly pursuits and cares.

Shed abroad in our hearts his love. Help us to see as he saw, the joy of waiting upon thee, and serving thee. Grant us his prayerfulness, his trust, his adherence to duty. Forgive us our sins; pity us in our imperfections; make us faithful followers of thee as dear children. Lead us in our services at this time. May our readings of thy word, our hymns of praise, our prayers, our meditations, be acceptable to thee, O Lord, our strength and our redeemer. Amen.

(Continuation of Service.)

VESTRY HARMONIES.

CONFERENCE. C. M.



Opening of a Conference.

2 May some sweet promise be applied,
When we attempt to read;
For this alone can give support
In every time of need.—*Cho.*

3 O breathe upon our lifeless souls,
And raise each drooping heart;
That we may see thy smiling face
Before we hence depart.—*Cho.*

4 And now, O blessed Spirit, come!
We long to see thee move;
Strengthen our faith, revive our zeal,
And fill us all with love.—*Cho.*

5 Within these doors assembled now,
We wait thy blessing, Lord!
Appear within the midst, we pray,
According to thy word.—*Cho.*

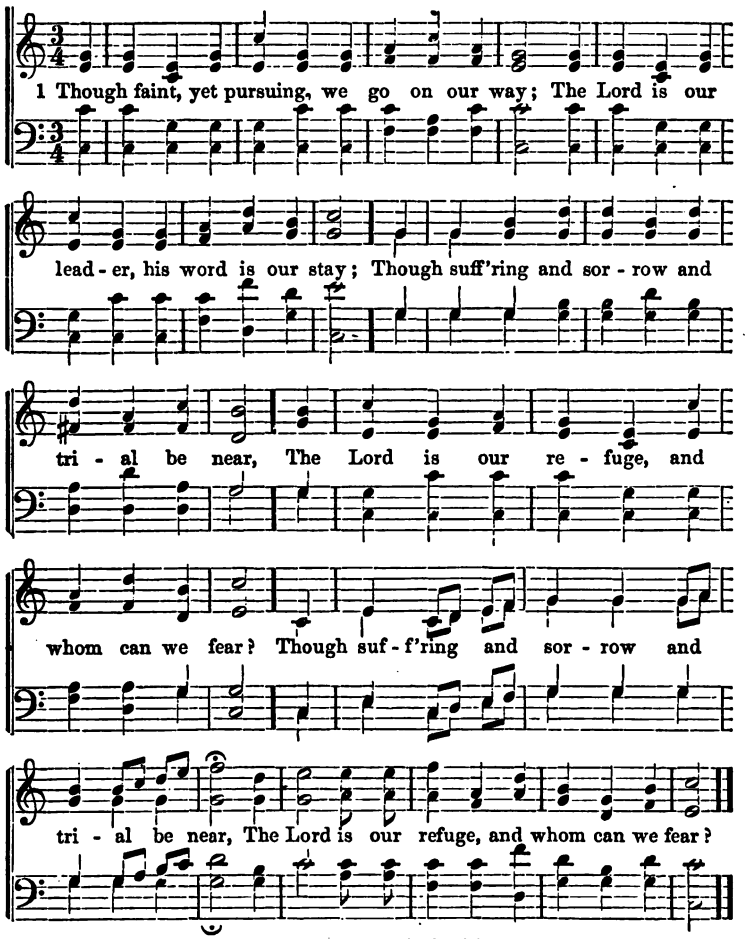
Christian Conference.

1 O it is joy in one to meet
Whom one communion blends,
Council to hold in converse sweet,
And talk as Christian friends.

2 'T is joy to think the angel train,
Who 'mid heaven's temple shine,
To seek our earthly temples deign,
And in our anthems join.

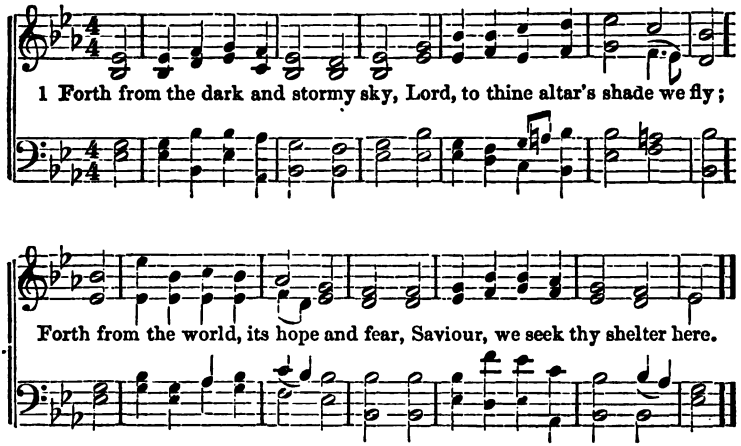
3 But chief 't is joy to think that he
To whom his church is dear,
Delights her gathered flock to see,
Her joint devotions hear.

4 Then who would choose to walk abroad,
While here such joys are given?
This is indeed the house of God,
And this the gate of heaven.



2 He raiseth the fallen, he cheereth the faint;
The weak and oppress'd—he will hear their complaint;
The way may be weary, and thorny the road,
But how can we falter; our help is in God.

3 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light;
Though storms rage around us, our God is our might;
So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we go,
The Lord is our leader; no fear can we know.



Gathering for Prayer.

2 Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought thy rest in vain.
Weary and weak, thy grace we pray,
Turn not, O Lord! thy guests away.

3 Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tossed;
Low at thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord! thy guests away.

Not Ashamed of Jesus.

1
Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days.

2
Ashamed of Jesus, just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright morning star, bids darkness flee.

3
Ashamed of Jesus!—yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

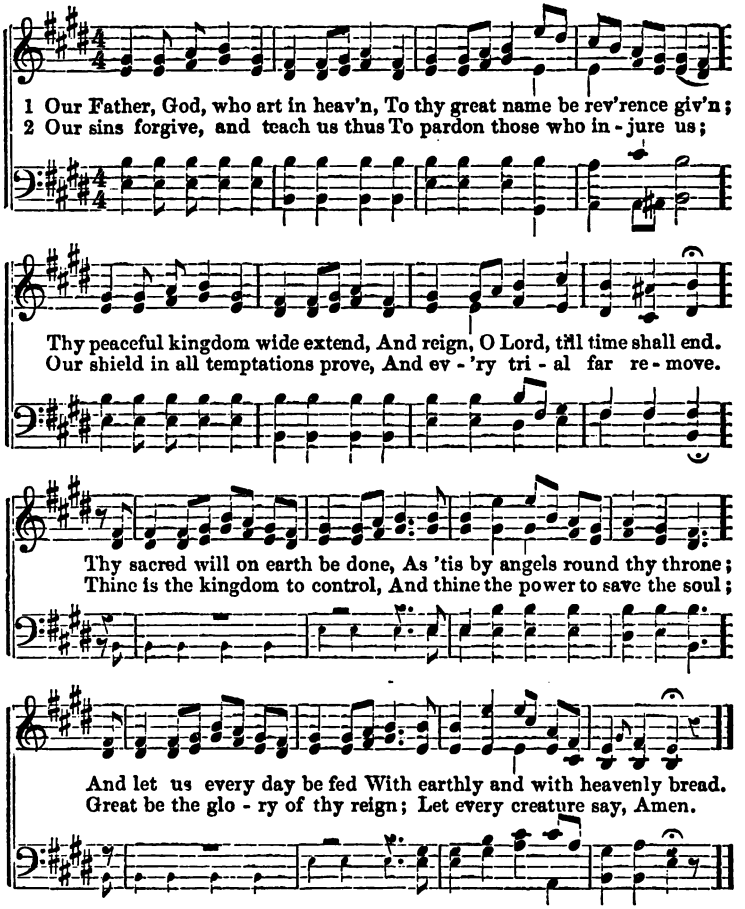
4
Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;
And O, may this my glory be,—
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

"O Lord, How long?"—(*Tune, opposite page.*)

1 One saint to another I heard say, "How long?"
I listened, but nought more I heard of the song;
The shadows are gliding through city and plain;
How long shall the night with the shadows remain?

2 How long ere shall shine in this glimmer of things,
The light of which prophet in prophecy sings;
And the gates of that city be opened, whose sun
No more to the west in its circuit shall run?

OUR FATHER, GOD. L. M.

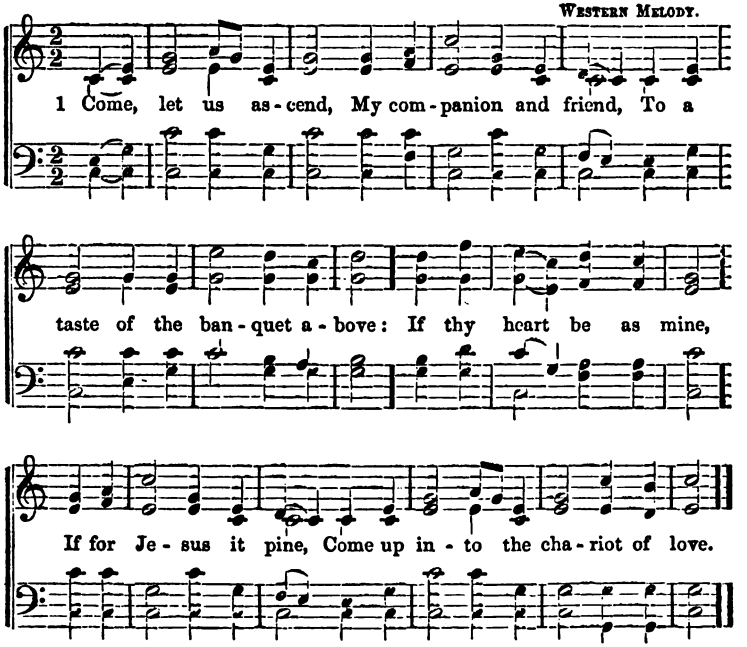


Prayer for the World.

1 Father, 't is thine each day to yield
Thy children's wants a fresh supply;
Thou cloth'st the lilies of the field,
And hearest the young ravens cry.
To thee we pray, for all must live
By thee, who know'st their every need,
Pray for the world, that thou wilt give
All human hearts thy living bread.

2 In faith we wait, and long, and pray,
To see that time, by prophets told,
When nations, new-born into day,
Shall be ingathered to thy fold.
We cannot doubt thy gracious will,
Thou Mighty, Merciful, and Just!
And thou wilt, in thy time, fulfill
The word in which thy servants trust.

WESTERN MELODY.



Rapturous Anticipation.

2 Who in Jesus confide,
We are bold to outride
The storms of affliction beneath;
With the prophet we soar
To the heavenly shore,
And outfly all the arrows of death.

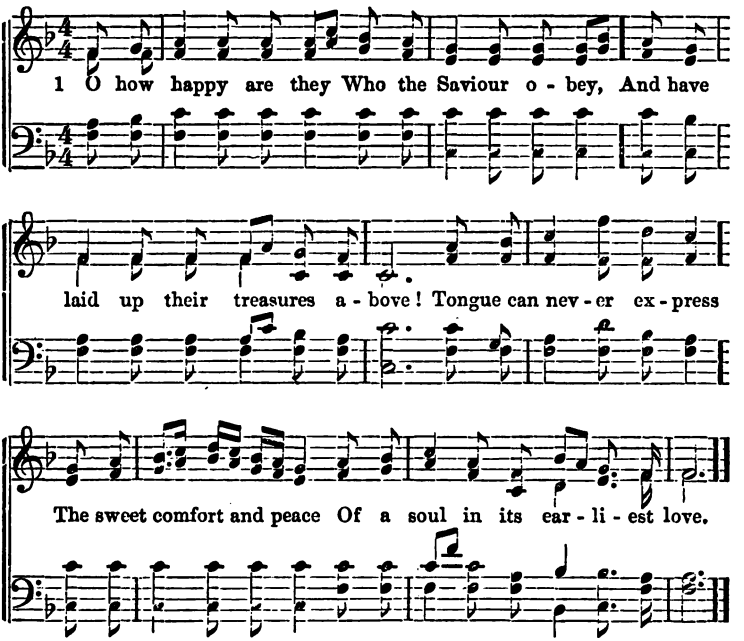
3 By faith we are come
To our permanent home:
By hope we the rapture improve;
By love we still rise
And look down on the skies,
For the heaven of heavens is love.

4 Who on earth can conceive
In what union we live,
In the palace of God the great king:
What a concert of praise,
When our Jesus's grace
The whole heavenly company sing!

5 What a rapturous song,
When the glorified throng
In the spirit of harmony join!—
Join all the glad choirs,
Hearts, voices, and lyres,
And the burden is,—Mercy divine!

6 Hallelujah, they cry,
To the Ruler on high,—
To the great everlasting I AM;
To the Lamb that was slain,
And that liveth again,—
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!

7 Come let us ascend,
My companion and friend,
To a taste of the banquet above:
If thy heart be as mine,
If for Jesus it pine,
Come up into the chariot of love.



Convert's Joy.

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I received through the love of the Lamb,
When at first I believed,
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus's name.

3 It was heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

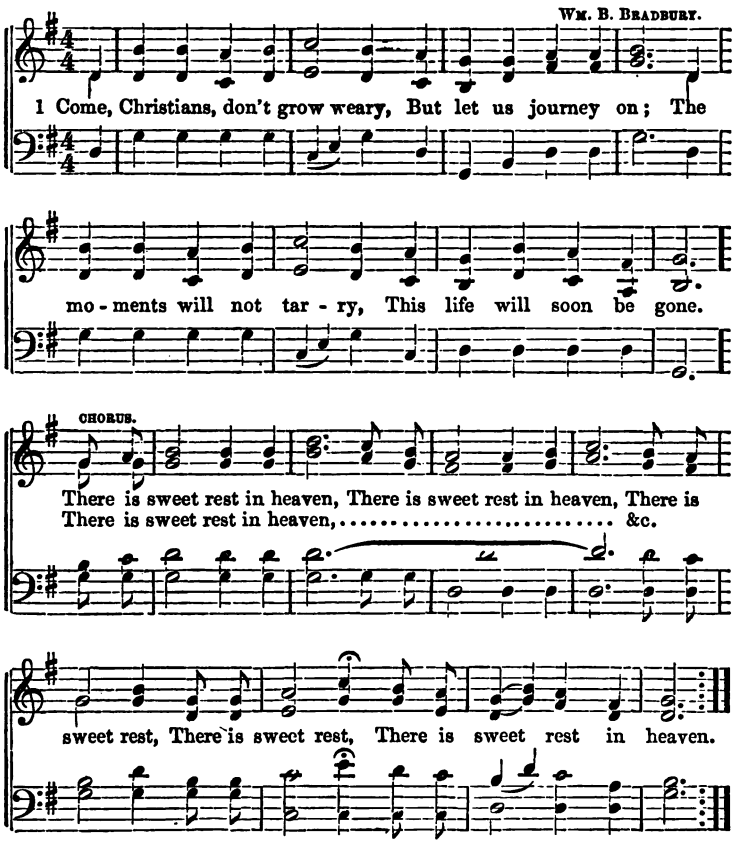
4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy, and my song:
My redemption thro' faith in his name;
O, that all might believe,
And salvation receive,
And their song and their joy be the same.

5 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood;
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fullness of God.

Christmas Day.

1 All hail! happy day,
When, enrobed in our clay,
The Redeemer appeared upon earth;
How can mortals refrain
To unite in the strain,
And to hail their Immanuel's birth.

2 O may the return
Of this once blessed morn
Be forever remembered with joy:
Sweet ascriptions of praise
All our voices shall raise;
Hallelujahs shall be our employ!



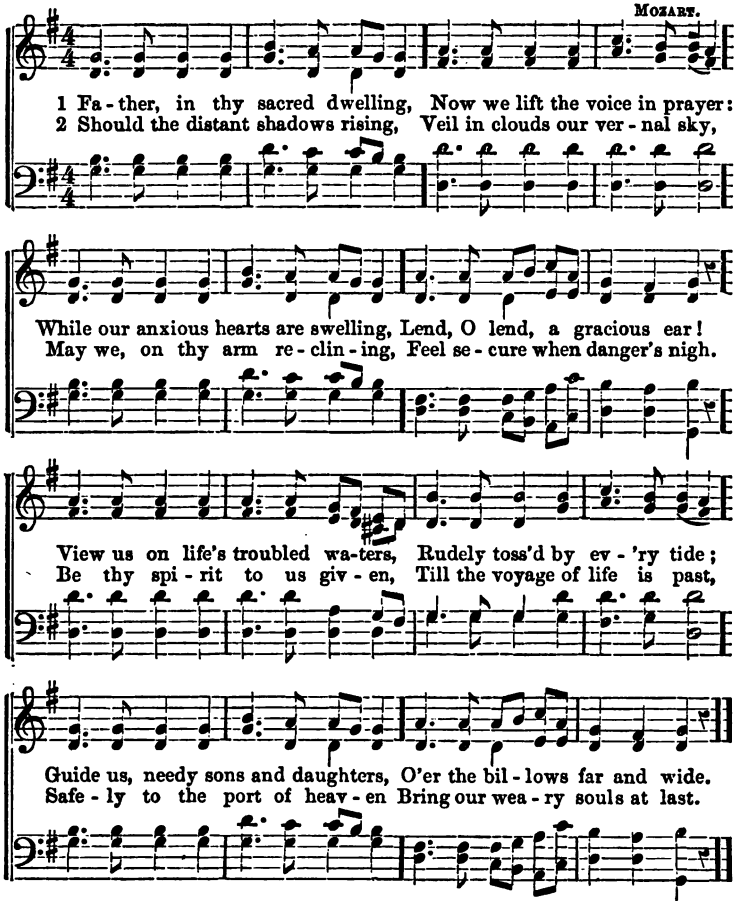
Christian Warrior's Rest.

2 We're soldiers of Christ's army,
Enlisted for the war,
We'll fight beneath his banner,
In faith, and love and prayer.—*Ch.*

3 Our Captain 's gone before us,
He bids us rise and come;
High up in endless glory,
He calls us to our home.—*Cho.*

4 And he is surely with us,
Unto our journey's end;
In every cross and conflict,
His "present help" to lend.—*Cho.*

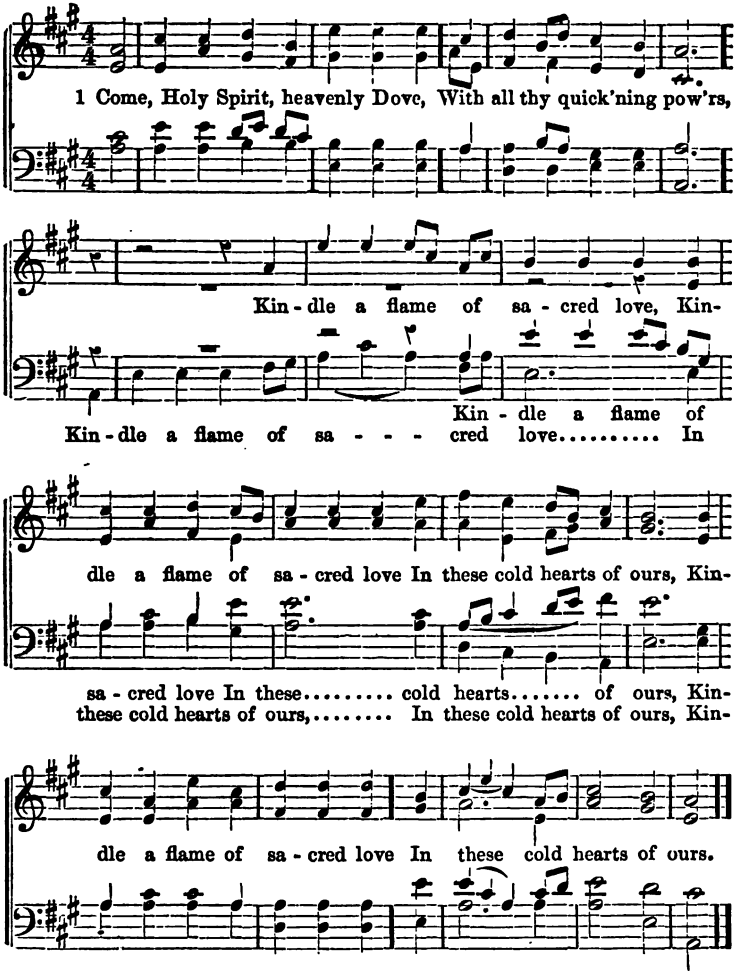
5 Come, Christians, don't grow weary,
But let us journey on;
The moments will not tarry,
This life will soon be gone.—*Cho.*



Rejoicing in Hope of the Glory of God.

1 Know, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear;
Think what spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think what Jesus did to win thee;
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee;
God's own hand shall guide thee there;
Soon shall close thy earthly mission;
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.



The Spirit Invoked.

2 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

3 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

VICTOR'S PALM. 7s M.

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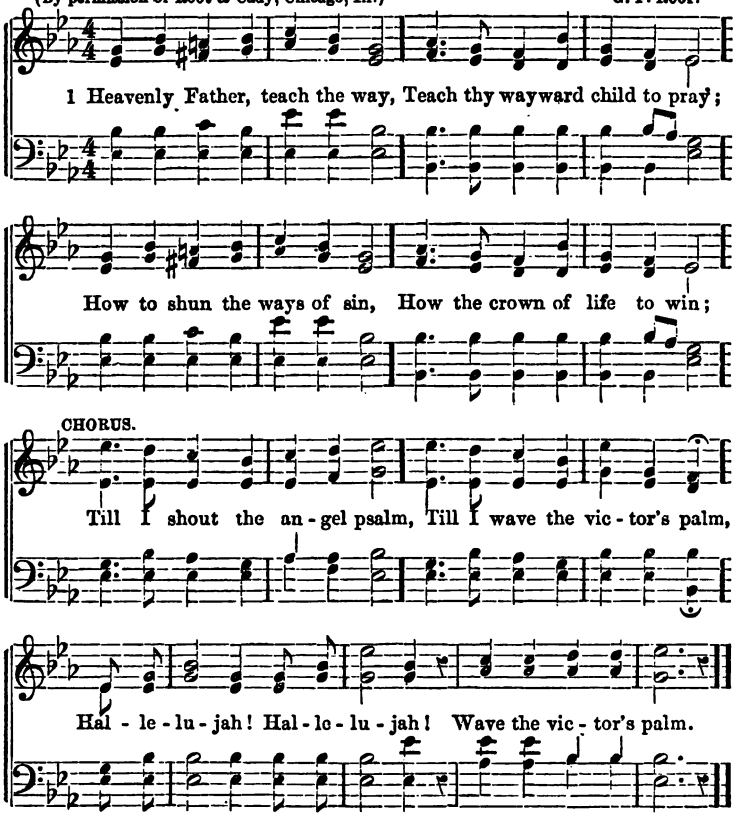
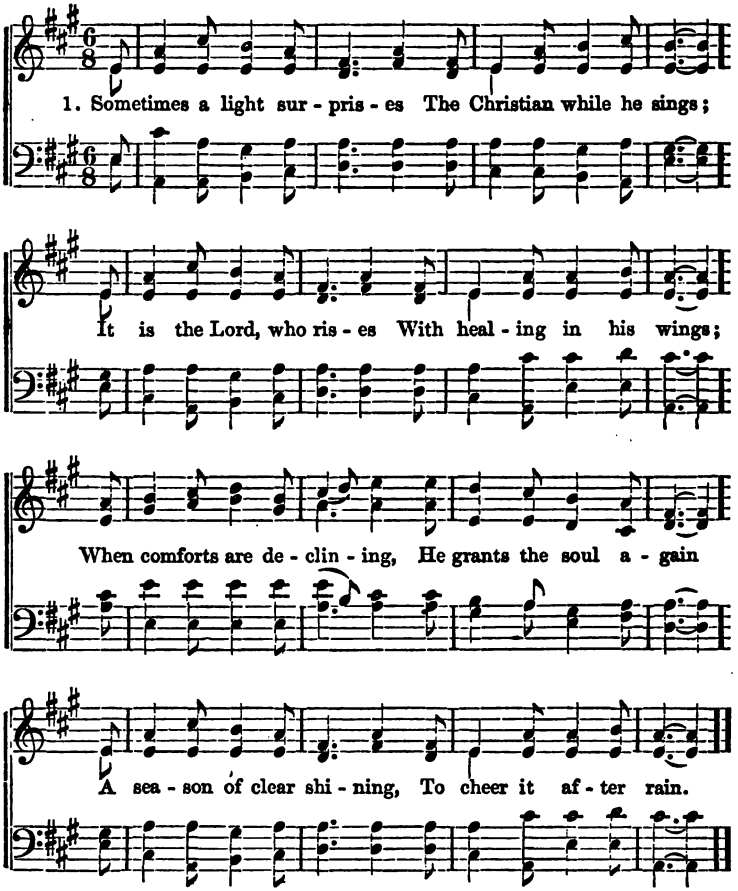


2 May the sweet and heavenly Dove,
Come and fill this heart with love;
Every evil passion quell,
Every thought of sin dispel.—*Cho.*

3 Fill my heart with heavenly peace,
Bid my stormy passions cease;
Conquer all my foes within,
Still the raging waves of sin.—*Cho.*

4 May thy holy angels spread
Guardian wings around my head;
May thy dear and loving eye
Watch my footsteps from on high. *Ch.*

5 Heavenly Father, teach the way,
Teach thy wayward child to pray;
How to shun the ways of sin,
How the crown of life to win.—*Cho.*



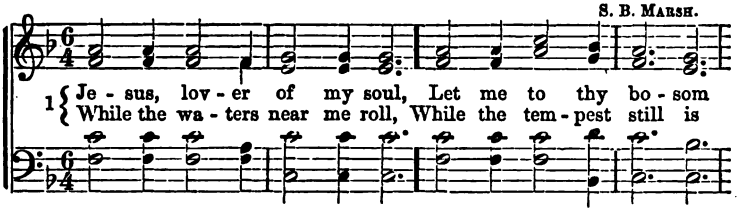
Joy and Peace in Believing.

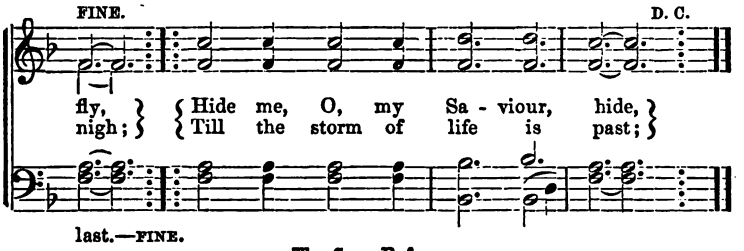
2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
"E'en let the unknown morrow
Bring with it what it may."

3 It can bring with it nothing,
But he will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe his people too.
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

MARTYN. 7s M.

S. B. MARSH.





The Sure Refuge.

2 Other refuge I have none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, O leave me not alone:
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Prayer for Humility.

1 Lord, if thou thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall as my Master be,
Rooted in humility.
Simple, teachable and mild,
Changed into a little child;
Pleased with all the Lord provides,
Weaned from all the world besides.

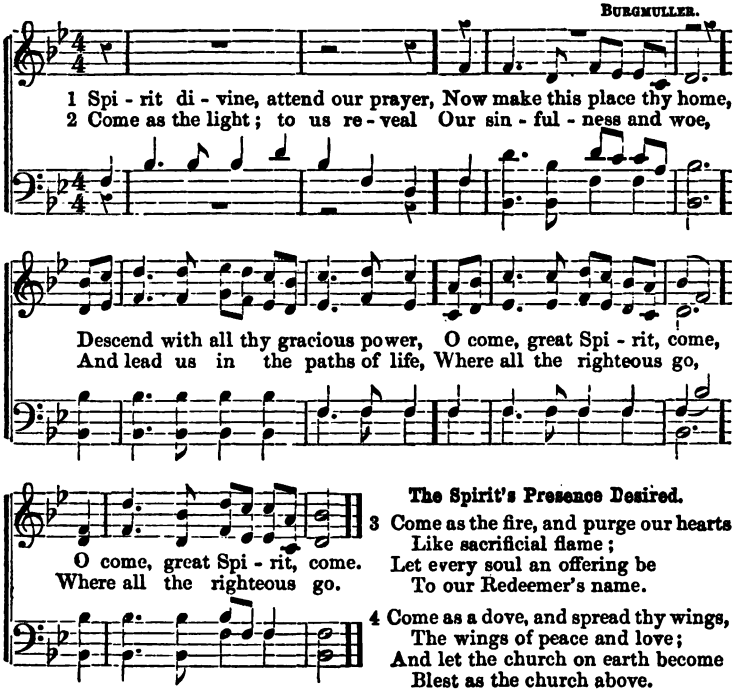
2 Father, fix my soul on thee;
Every evil let me flee;
Nothing want beneath, above,
Happy in thy precious love.
Oh that all may seek and find
Every good in Jesus joined;
Thee let Israel still adore;
Trust thee, praise thee evermore.

The Cloud of Mercy.

1 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand!
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land.
Lo, the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the blessings of his love.

2 When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was its day;
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way.
Sons of God, your Saviour praise;
He the door hath opened wide;
He shall give the world his grace,
And his word be glorified.

BURGMULLER.



The Spirit's Presence Desired.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let every soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as a dove, and spread thy wings,
The wings of peace and love;
And let the church on earth become
Blest as the church above.

Christ the Conqueror.

1 Jesus, immortal King, arise;
Rise and assert thy sway,
Till earth, subdued, its tribute bring,
And distant lands obey.

2 Ride forth, victorious Conq'ror, ride,
Till all thy foes submit;
And all the powers of darkness lay
Their trophies at thy feet.

3 Send forth thy word, and let it fly
This spacious earth around;
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound.

4 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
May Jesus be adored;
And earth, with all her millions, shout
Hosannas to the Lord.

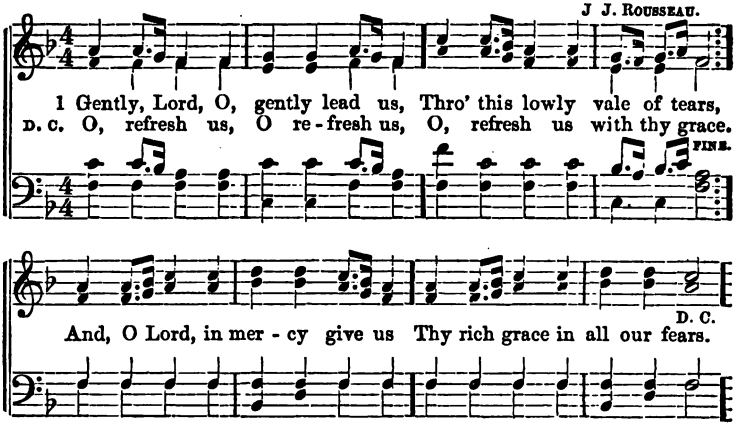
Prayer for Renewal.

1 Here in thy presence, gracious God,
We've met to seek thy face;
O, let us feel th' eternal word,
And feast upon thy grace.

2 Let every soul the Saviour see,
And taste his love divine;
And every heart forever be
United, Lord, with thine.

GREENVILLE. 8s 7s & 4s M.

J. J. Rousseau.



The Pilgrim's Prayer.

2 Though ten thousand ills beset us,
From without and from within,
God, our friend doth not forget us,
But will save from every sin.
Therefore praise him—
Praise our gracious Father's name.

3 Oh that we could now adore him,
Like the heavenly host above,
Who forever bow before him,
And unceasing sing his love.
Happy songsters,
When shall we your chorus join?

Blessing on the Word.

1 Come, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak; the hungry feed;
From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

2 Oh, may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word's designed to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive;
And forever
To thy praise and glory live.

Zion's King.

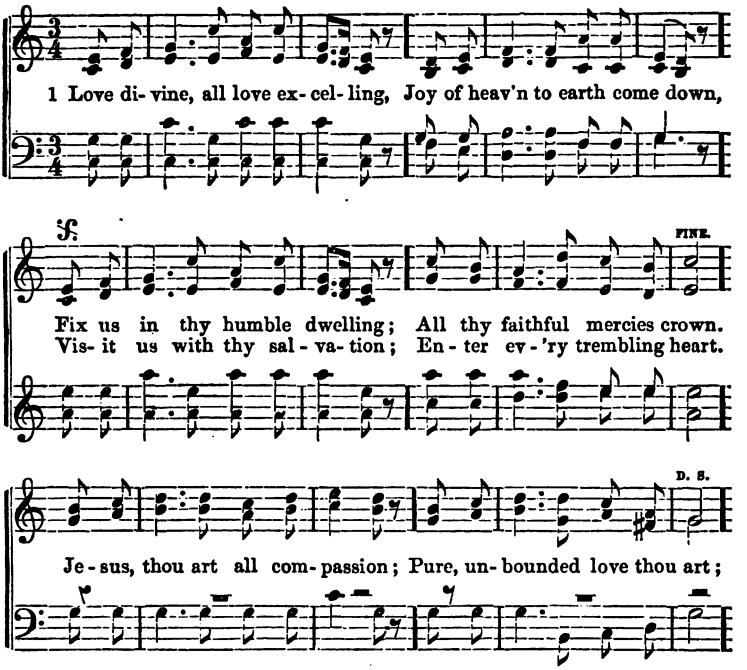
1 Zion stands with hills surrounded,
Zion kept by power divine,
All her foes shall be confounded,
Tho' the world in arms combine;
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

The Living Fountain.

1 See! from Zion's sacred mountain
Streams of living water flow;
God has opened there a fountain
That supplies the world below:
They are blessed
Who its sovereign virtues know.

2 Thro' ten thousand channels flowing,
Streams of mercy find their way;
Life and health and joy bestowing,
Waking beauty from decay:
Oh, ye nations,
Hail the long-expected day!



Prayer for the Spirit.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into ev'ry troubled breast:
Let us all thy grace inherit,
Let us find thy promis'd rest;
Take away the love of sinning,
Take our load of guilt away;
End the work of thy beginning,
Bring us to eternal day.

3 Carry on thy new creation,
Pure and holy may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee;
Change from glory unto glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

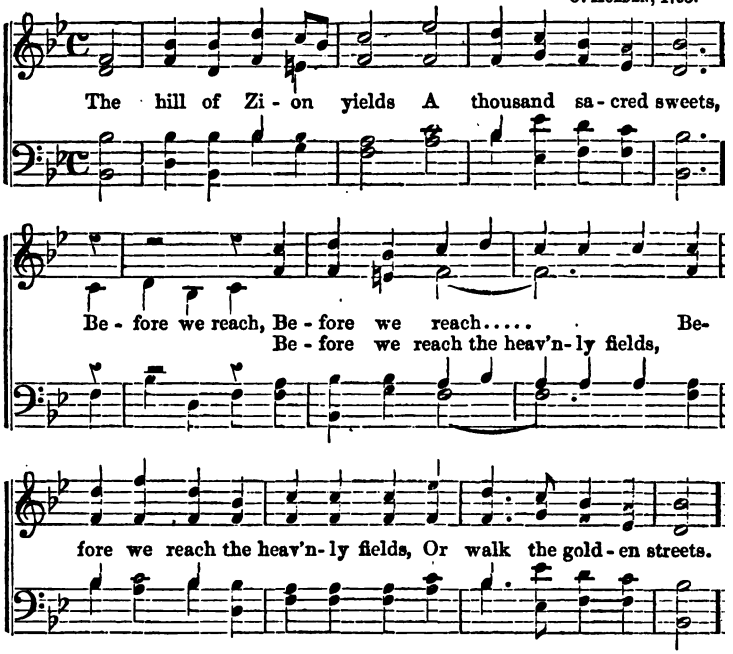
He Careth for Thee.

1 Call Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade;
In his secret habitation
Dwell, and never be dismayed;
There no tumult shall alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal silence there.

2 Since with pure and firm affection
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection
He will shield thee from above;
Thou shalt call on him in trouble;
He will hearken; he will save;
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

CONCORD. S. M.

O. Holden, 1793.



Glory Begun Below.

2 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.

3 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry: [ground
We 're marching through Immanuel'
To fairer worlds on high.

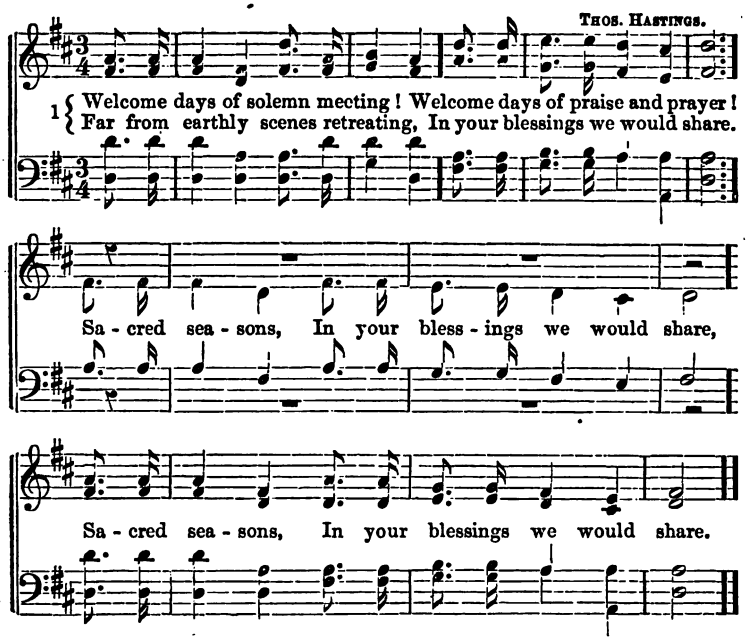
Bless the Lord.

1 O bless the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud
And justice for the oppressed.

4 His wondrous works and ways,
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.



Worship.

2 Be thou near us, blessed Saviour,
Still at morn and eve the same;
Give us faith that cannot waver,
Kindle in us heaven's own flame,—
Blessed Saviour,
Kindle in us heaven's own flame.

3 When the fervent prayer is glowing,
Holy Spirit, hear that prayer;
When the song of praise is flowing,
Let that song thine impress bear.—
Holy Spirit,
Let that song thine impress bear.

The Gospel Triumphant.

1 Still in shades of midnight darkness
Abject sits the Pagan world;
There the banner of salvation
Ne'er hath been by time unfurled;
Nor their idols
From their blood-stain'd altars hurl'd.

2 Yet the promise stands securely,
And Messiah's reign shall spread;
Not in vain his glorious conquest;
Not in vain the Saviour bled.
Chief immortal! [head.
God's *own hand hath* crowned thine

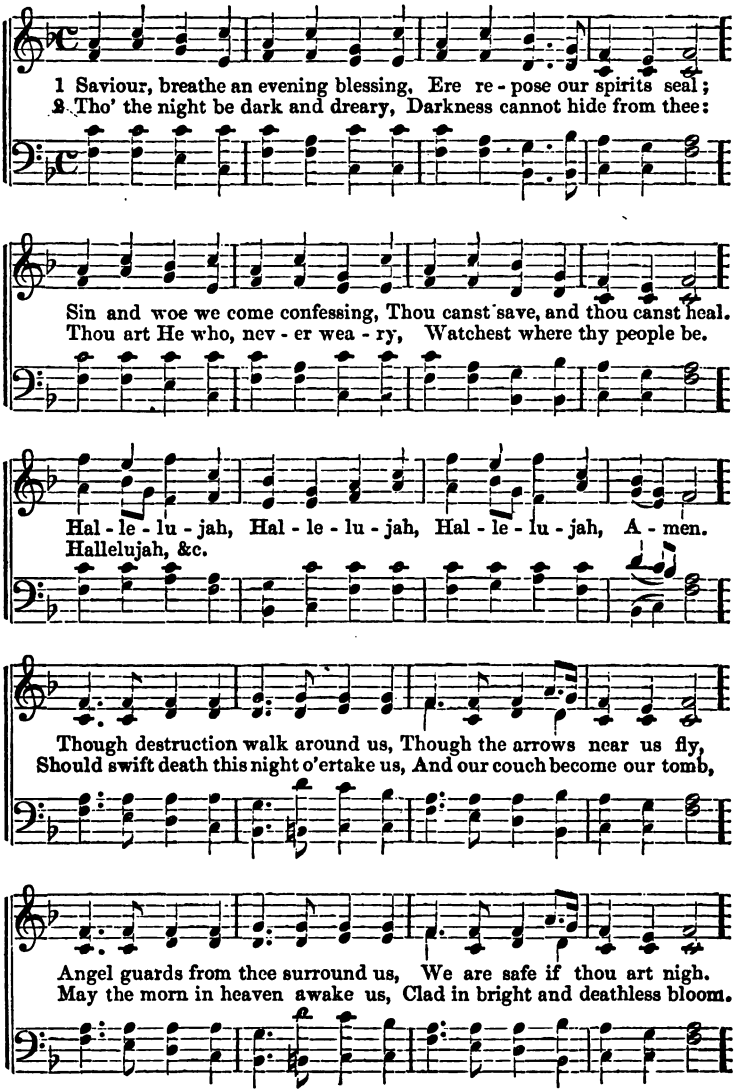
3 To this blessed dispensation
Millions, yet unborn shall fly;
See the rising splendor beaming
Till it gilds the western sky.
Glorious Gospel!
Still thy triumphs multiply.

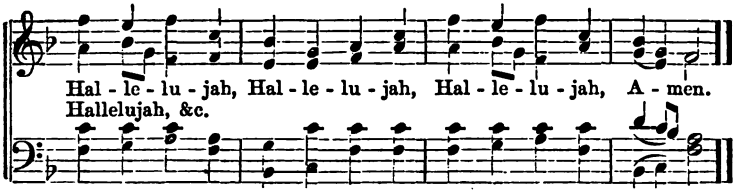
Thy Kingdom Come.

1 Send thy word, all-gracious Father,
To the earth's remotest shore;
Turn the heathen from their idols,
Thee to know, obey, adore.
Thine the kingdom,
Power and glory, ever more!

EVENING HYMN. 8s & 7s M.

RUSSIAN AIR.





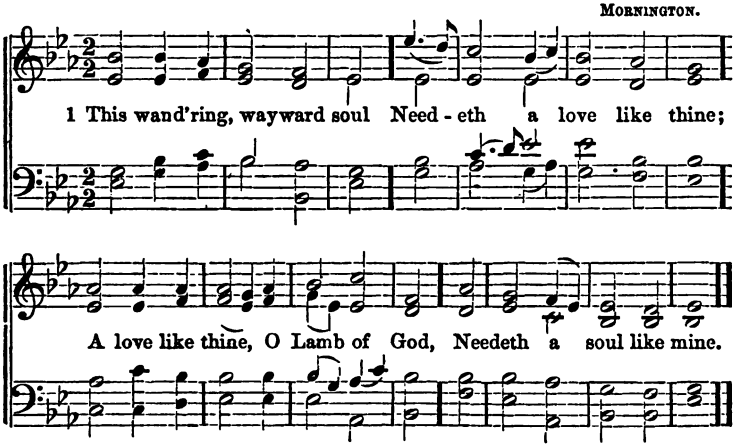
Evening Dismission Hymn.

1 Father, let thy benediction
Rest upon us in this hour;
Keep us through the night before us,
In thy love and by thy power.
Praise we give thee! Amen.

2 In the life of Christ our Saviour
Be our spirits daily blest,
Till with him we rise and enter
Into our immortal rest.
Praise we give thee! Amen.

J. G. A.

MORNINGTON. S. M.



2 Thy fulness, Son of God,
Thus needy maketh thee;
Thy glory, O thou glorious One,
Seeketh its rest in me.

3 It was thy need of me
That brought thee from above,
It is my need of thee, O Lord,
That draws me to thy love.

For Spiritual Life.

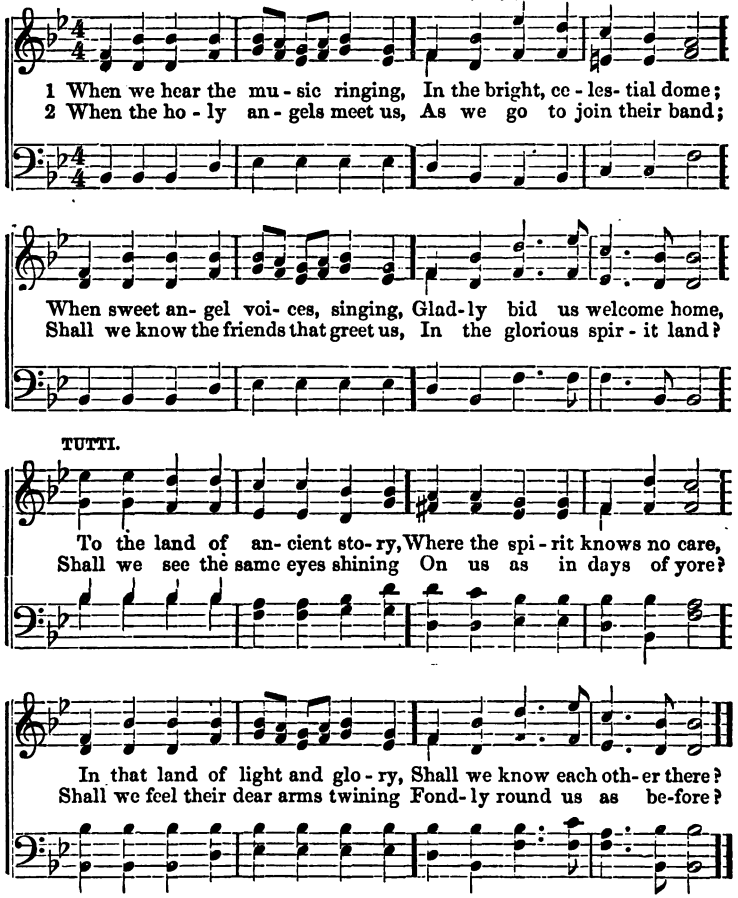
1 O come and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within!
And bring thy glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear and sin.

2 The inward, deep disease,
Spirit of health remove!
Spirit of perfect holiness!
Spirit of perfect love!

3 Hasten the joyful day
Which shall all sin consume;
When old things shall be done away,
And all things new become.

THE SPIRIT LAND. 8s & 7s M.

SOLI. From "The Casket," by permission. ASA HULL.

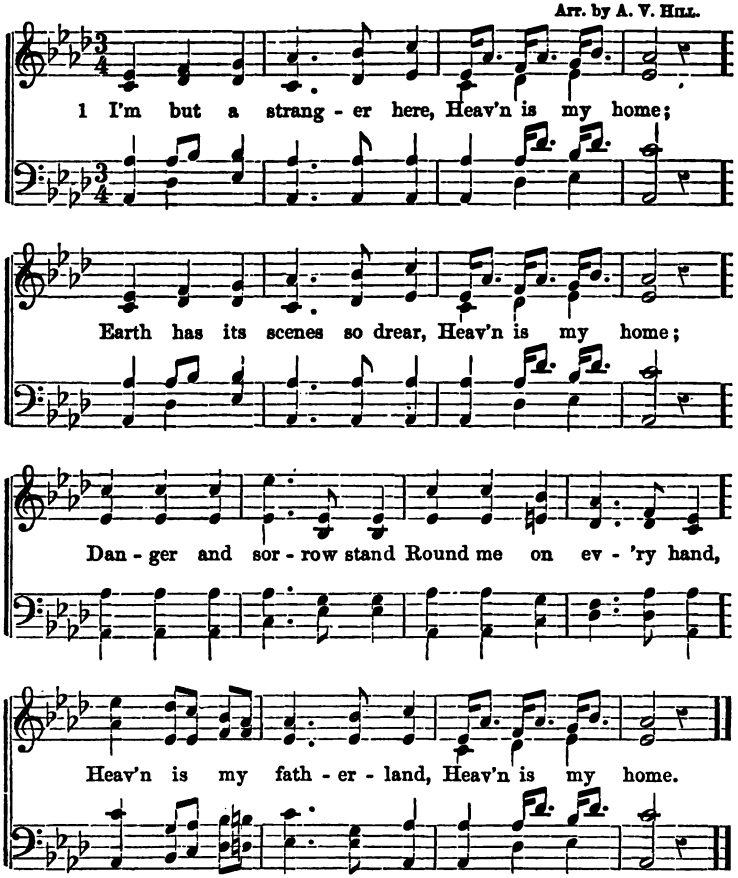


3 Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
And my weary heart grows light,
For the thrilling angel voices,
And the angel faces bright,
That shall welcome us in heaven,
Are the loved of long ago;
And to them 't is kindly given
Thus their mortal friends to know.

4 O, ye weary, sad, and tossed ones,
Droop not, faint not by the way;
Ye shall join the loved and lost ones
In the land of perfect day!
Harp-strings touched by angel fingers
Murmured in my raptured ear,
Ever more their sweet song lingers,
"We shall know each other there."

HEAVEN IS MY HOME. P. M.

Arr. by A. V. Hull.



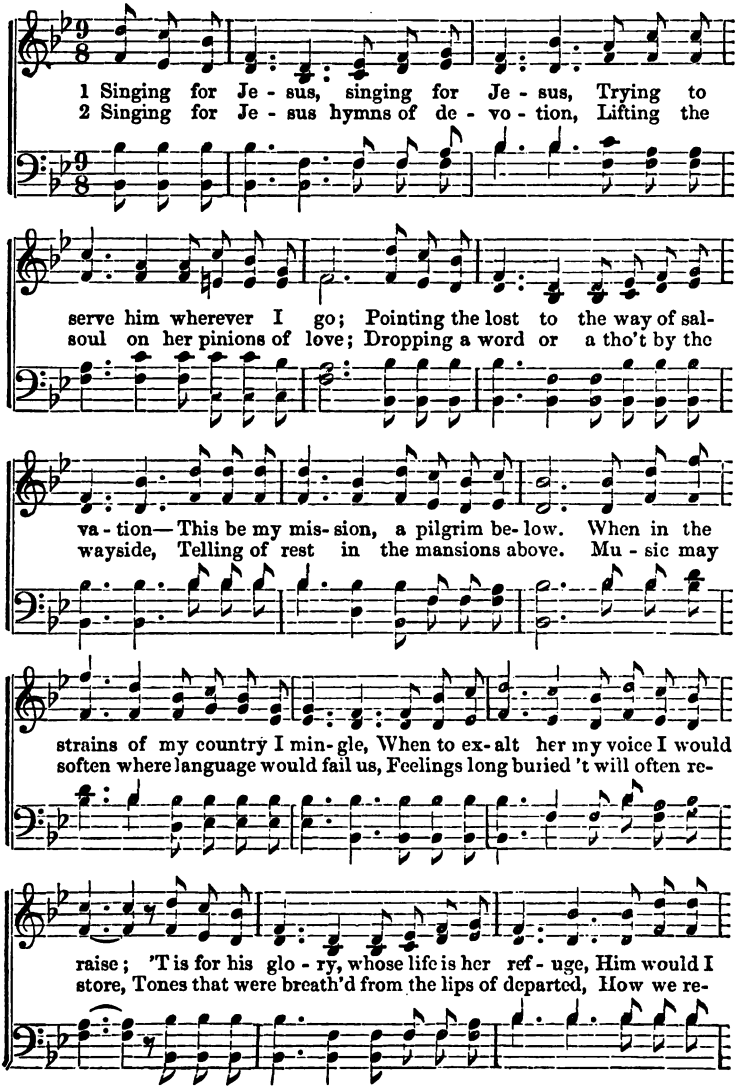
The Heavenly Home.

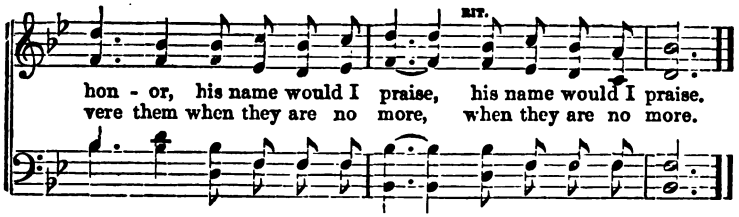
2 What though the tempests rage?
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home;
And Time's wild, wintry blast
Soon will be overpast,
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

3 There, at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home;
There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
There, too, I soon shall rest,
Heaven is my home.

SINGING FOR JESUS. 10s M.

Words by FANNY CROSBY. From "The Singing Pilgrim," by permission. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

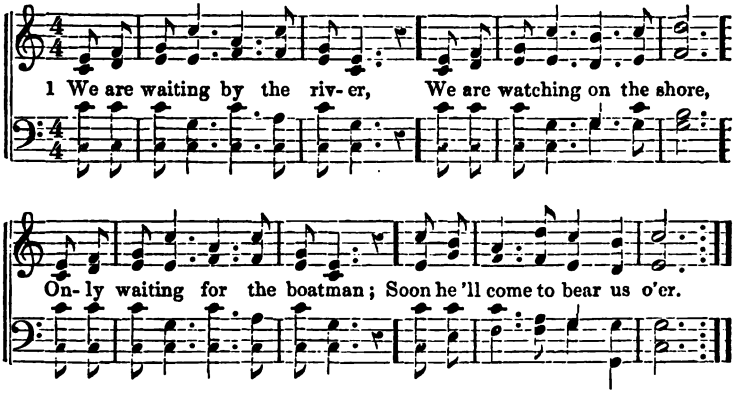




3 Singing for Jesus, my gracious Redeemer,
Lord of the pilgrims, for thee I will sing;
When o'er the billows of time I am wafted,
Still with thy praise shall eternity ring.
Glory to God for the prospect before me,
Soon shall my spirit transported ascend;
Singing for Jesus, O blissful employment,
Loud hallelujahs that never will end.

WAITING BY THE RIVER. 8s & 7s M.

DUET. Repeat 1st verse in Full Chorus.



Waiting.

2 Though the mist hang o'er the river,
And its billows loudly roar,
Yet we hear the song of angels
Wafted from the other shore,
We are waiting, &c.

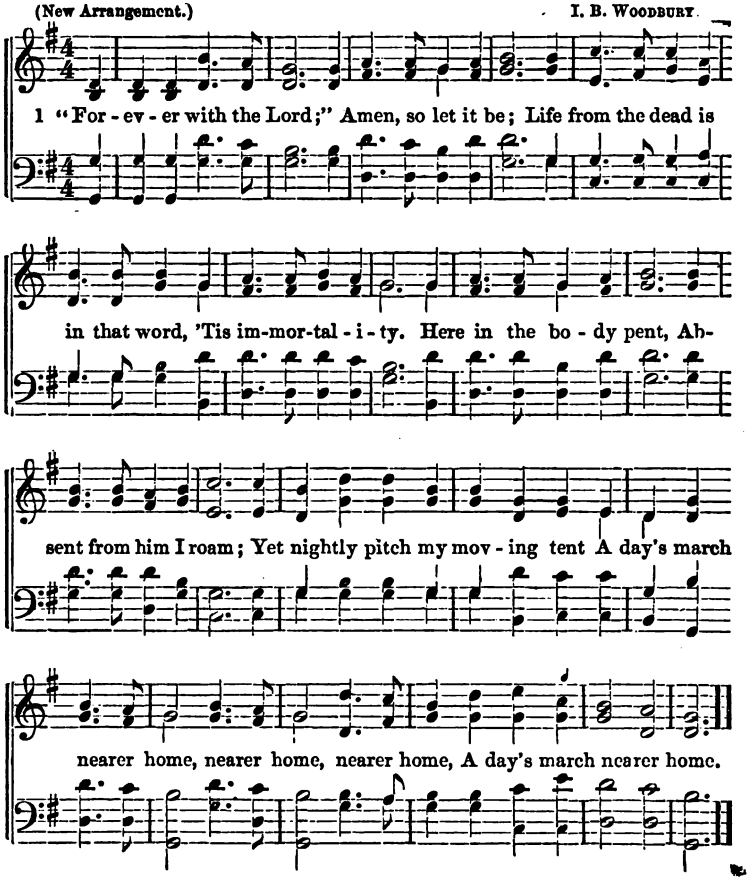
3 And the bright celestial city,
We have caught such radiant gleams
Of its towers, like dazzling sunlight,
With its sweet and peaceful streams.
We are waiting, &c.

4 He has called for many a loved one,
We have seen them leave our side;
With our Saviour we shall meet them,
When we have crossed the tide.
We are waiting, &c.

5 When we've pass'd that vale of shadows,
With its dark and chilling tide,
In that bright and glorious city
We shall ever more abide.
We are waiting, &c.

FOREVER WITH THE LORD. S. M.

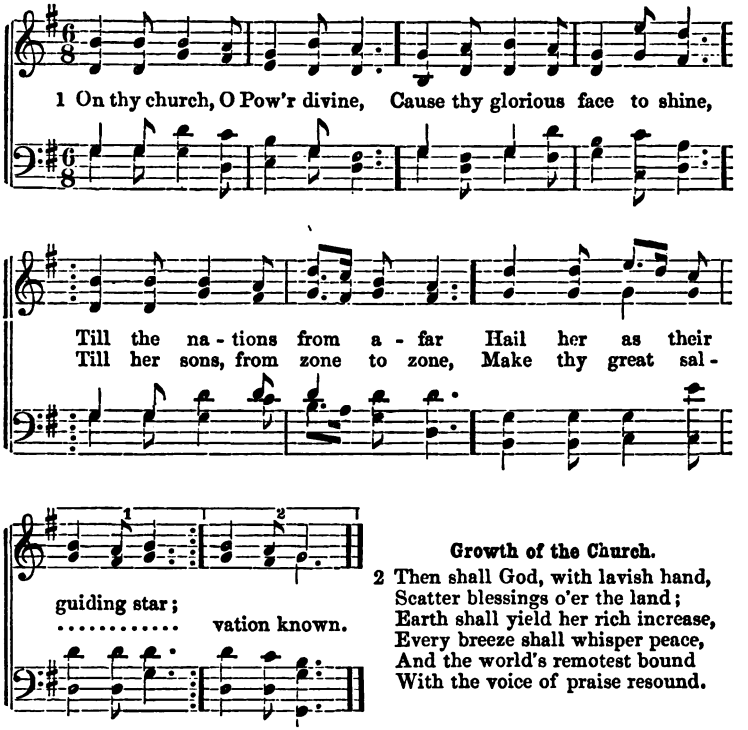
(New Arrangement.) I. B. WOODBURY.



Forever with the Lord.

2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's aspiring eye,
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah, then my spirit faints,
To reach the land I love;
The bright inheritance of saints,
My heavenly home above.

3 Yet doubts still intervene,
And all my comfort flies;
Like Noah's dove I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies;
Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart
Expands the bow of peace.



Growth of the Church.

2 Then shall God, with lavish hand,
Scatter blessings o'er the land;
Earth shall yield her rich increase,
Every breeze shall whisper peace,
And the world's remotest bound
With the voice of praise resound.

"My Soul Panteth for Thee, O God."

1 As the hart, with eager looks,
Panteth for the water-brooks,
So my soul, athirst for thee,
Pants the living God to see;
When, O when, without a fear,
Lord, shall I to thee draw near?

2 Why art thou cast down, my soul?
God, thy God, shall make thee whole;
Why art thou disquieted?
God shall lift thy fallen head,
And his countenance benign
Be the saving health of thine.

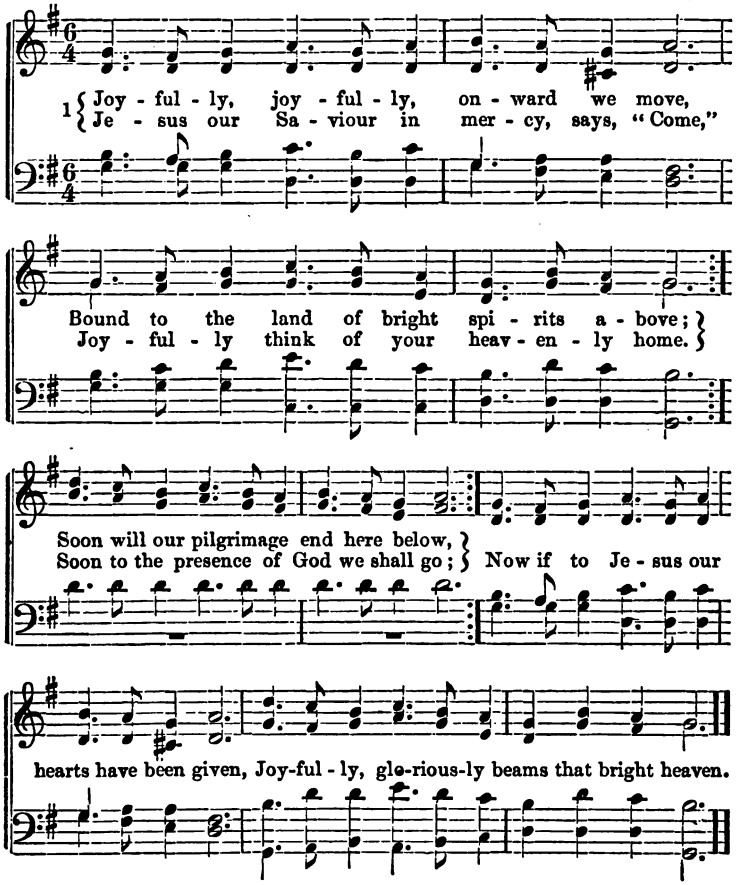
The Pilgrim's Prayer.

1 Lead us with thy gentle sway,
As a willing child is led;
Speed us on our upward way,
As a pilgrim, Lord, is sped,
Who with prayers and helps divine
Seeks a consecrated shrine.

2 Lead us, Father, thou dost know
All the way; but wanderers, we
Often miss our way below,
And stretch out our hand to thee;
Guide us, save us, and prepare
Our appointed mansion there!

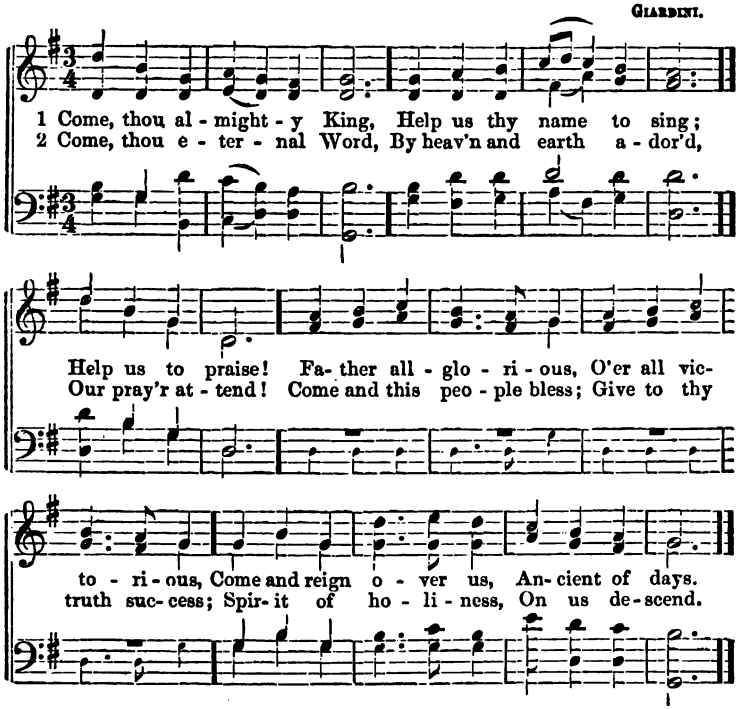
JOYFULLY, JOYFULLY. 10s M.

Rev. A. D. Merrill.



2 Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear,
Harps of the blessed, your strains we shall hear,
Filling with harmony heaven's high dome,
Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come!
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn;
Death shall be conquered, his sceptre be gone;
Over the plains of that Canaan we'll roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

GIARDINI.



Invocation.

3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour!
Thou who almighty art,
Rule now in every heart,
Never from us depart,
Spirit of power!

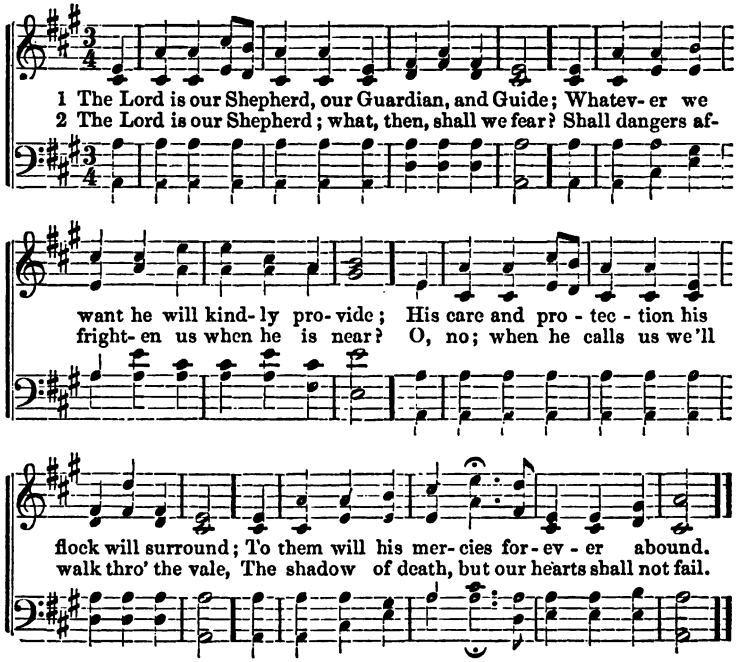
Strength, Love and Light.

1 Come, thou almighty Will!
Our fainting bosoms fill
With thy great power:
Strength of our good intents,
Our tempted hour's defence,
Calm of faith's confidence.
Come in this hour!

2 Come, thou most tender Love!
Within our spirits move,
Their sweetest quest:
Extinguish passion's fire,
Exalt each low desire,
To deeds of love inspire,
Quickener and Rest!

3 Come, Light, serene and still!
Our darkened spirits fill
With thy clear day:
Guide of the feeble sight,
Star of grief's darkest night,
Reveal the path of right,
Show us thy way!

GUARDIAN CARE. IIs M.



The Lord our Shepherd.

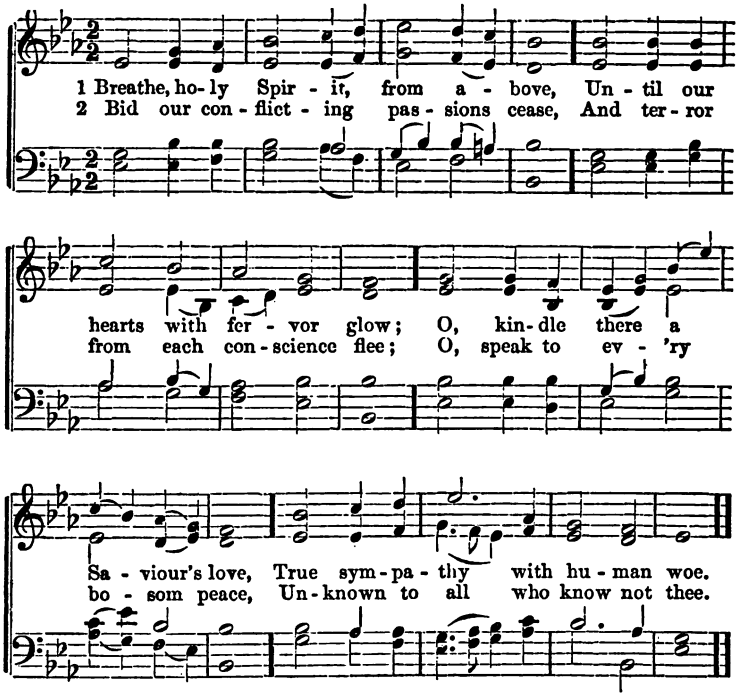
3 Afraid of ourselves, to pursue the dark way,
Thy rod and thy staff be our comfort and stay:
We know by thy guidance when once it is past,
To life and to glory it brings us at last.

Parting Evening Hymn.

1 Be near us, O Father, through night's silent hour;
Impart to our slumbers thy calmness divine;
Drop rest on our lids like the dew on the flower,
That e'en our still sleep may have something of thine.

2 And grant thou, when slumber our senses shall close,
The heart may still watch all unclouded and clear;
Guard, guard still thy children, and bless the repose
That, stainless of sin, is untouched by a fear.

3 Then still to thee, Father, our praises we pay;
To thee we still offer love's infinite store;
Send down thy pure spirit, even now while we pray;
Be with us, and keep us, and bless evermore!



The Spirit Invoked.

3 Give us to taste thy heavenly joy,
Our hopes to brightest glory raise;
Guide us to bliss without alloy,
And tune our hearts to endless praise.

Prayer for Spiritual Life.

1 O Thou, who all things dost control,
Chase this dead slumber from my soul!
With reverent joy, with loving awe,
Give me to keep thy perfect law.

2 O let a beam of thy pure light
Pierce thro', dispel the shades of night,
Touch my cold breast with heav'nly fire,
And holy conquering zeal inspire!

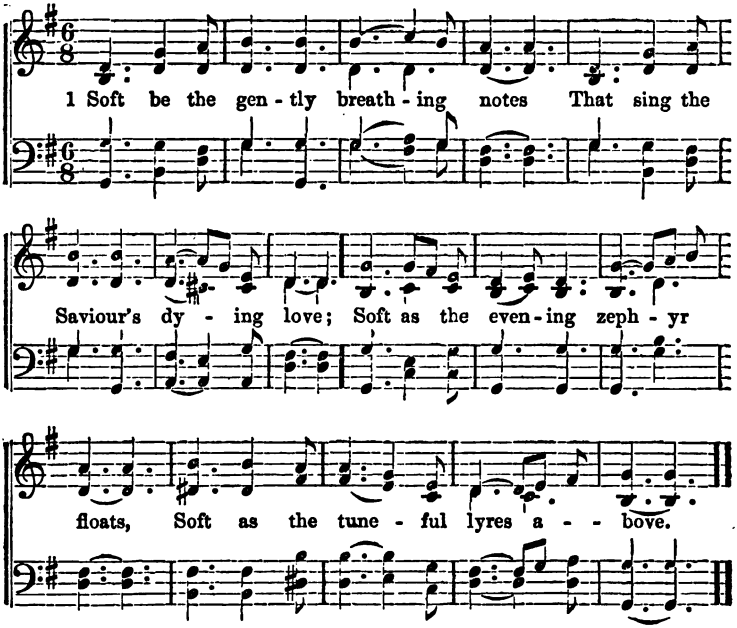
3 This deadly slumber when I feel
Afresh upon my spirit steal, [power,
Then, Lord, descend with quickening
And wake me that I sleep no more!

Faith's Prayer.

1 Prayer is to God the soul's sure way;
So flows the grace he waits to give;
Long as they live should Christians pray,
They learn to pray when first they live.

2 Depend on him; thou shalt prevail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear, not his mercy will not fail;
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

DYING LOVE. L. M.



2 Soft as the morning dews descend,
While the sweet lark exulting soars,
So soft to your Almighty Friend
Be every sigh your bosom pours.

3 True as the magnet to the pole,
So true let your contrition be;
So true let all your sorrows roll
To Him who died in love for thee.

Death of the Righteous.

1 How blest the righteous when they die,
When holy souls retire to rest!
How mildly beams the closing eye!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell,
How bright th'unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell.

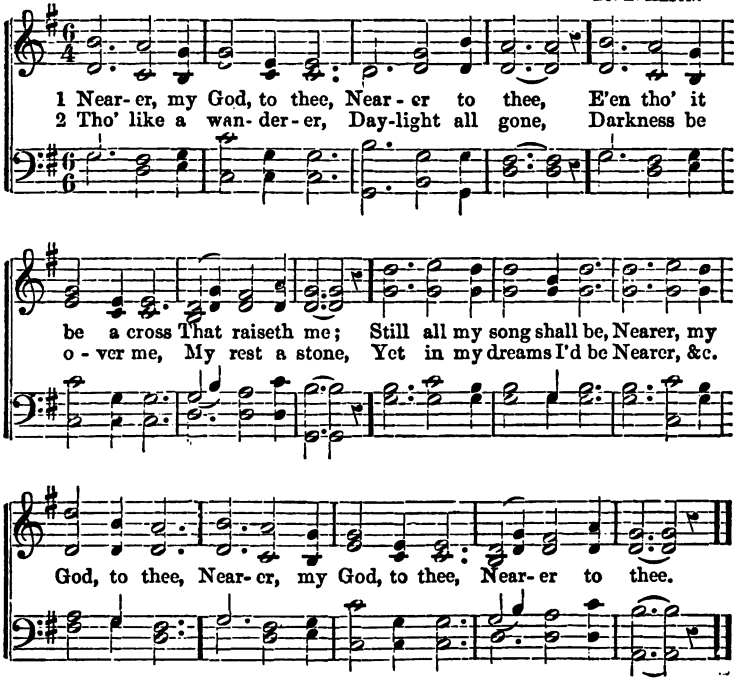
The World to come.

1 There is a world we have not seen,
That wasting time can ne'er destroy;
Where mortal footstep hath not been,
Nor ear hath caught its sounds of joy.

2 That world to come! and O, how blest!
Fairer than prophets ever told;
And never did an angel-guest
One half its blessedness unfold.

3 There forms unseen by mortal eye,
Too glorious for our sight to bear;
Are walking with their God on high,
And waiting our arrival there.

Dr. L. Mason.



Nearer, my God, to Thee.

3 There let the way appear
Steps up to heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

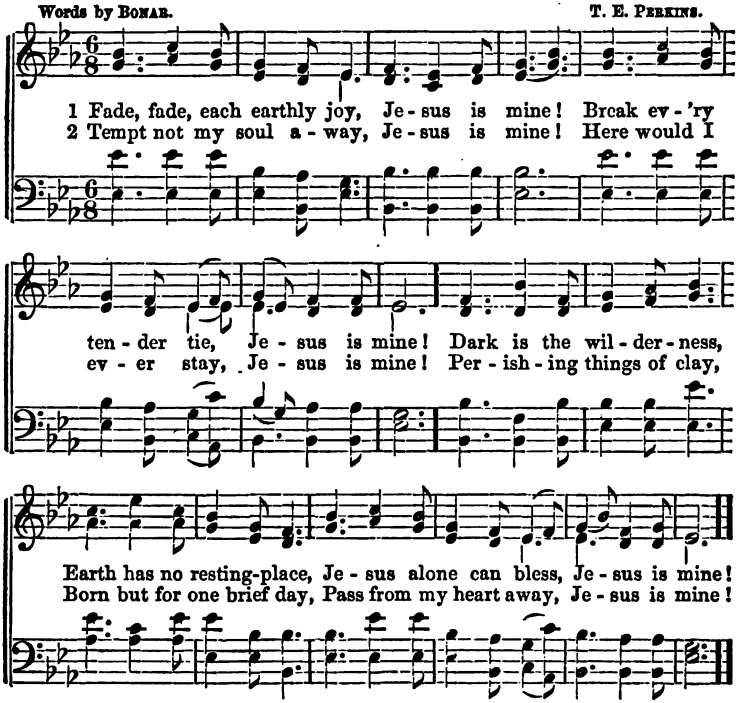
Grace Implored.

1 Father, thy grace impart,
Lift me to thee!
Help me with all my heart
Thy child to be.
Now hear me when I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O make me from this day
In *Jesus* free.

2 While through this life I go,
Be thou my guide;
In thee, through ill or woe
May I abide.
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

JESUS IS MINE. P. M.

Words by BONAR. T. E. PERKINS.



3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine!
Lost in this dawning light,
Jesus is mine!
All that my soul has tried
Left but a dismal void;
Jesus has satisfied,
Jesus is mine!

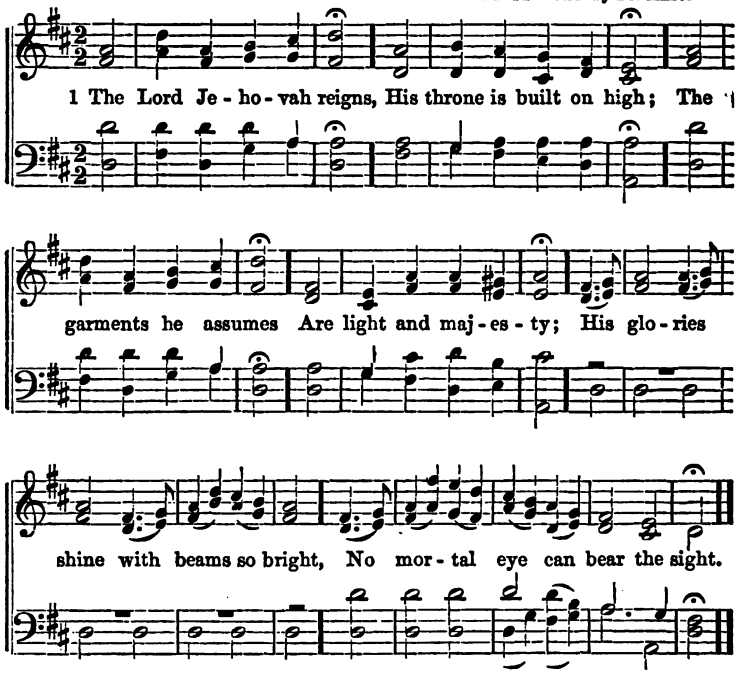
4 Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Saviour's breast,
Jesus is mine!

Thanks.

1 Thanks to our God on high;
Sing endless praise;
Thanks for his watchful eye,
Guiding our ways.
Thanks for his holy word,
Shedding its light abroad,
Teaching our life in God
Through endless days.

2 Then let our souls awake,
Leaving earth's toys;
Of the sweet joys partake,
In Christ rejoice;
Christians, his praise proclaim,
Above all mortal fame,
Glory to Jesus' name,
With heart and voice!

ENGLISH. ART. by DR. MASON.



God's Greatness and Condescension.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His power and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 And will this sovereign King
Of glory condescend;—
And will he write his name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love his name, I love his word;
Join all my powers to praise the Lord.

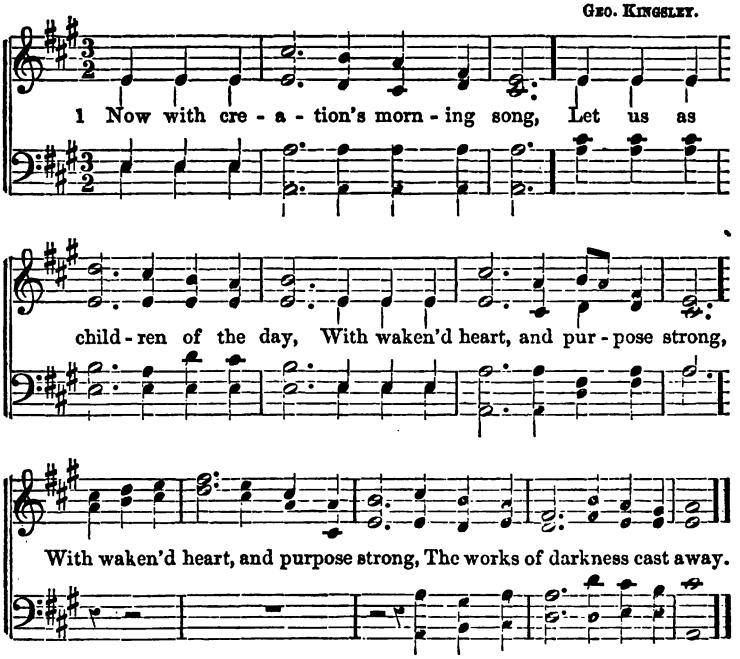
Faithfulness of God.

1 The promises I sing,
Which sovereign love hath spoke;
Nor will the eternal King
His words of grace revoke:
They stand secure and steadfast still;
Not Zion's hill abides so sure.

2 The mountains melt away,
When once the Judge appears,
And sun and moon decay,
That measures mortal years;
But still the same, in radiant lines
The promise shines thro' all the flame.

INVOCATION. L. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.



Morning Conference.

2 O may the morn so pure, so clear,
Its own sweet calm in us instill,
A guileless mind, a heart sincere,
Simplicity of word and will.

3 And ever, as the day glides by,
May we the busy senses rein,
Keep guard upon the hand and eye,
Nor let the conscience suffer stain.

4 Grant us, O God, in love to thee,
Clear eyes to measure things below,
Faith, the invisible to see,
And wisdom, thee in all to know.

The Still Hour.

1 Gently the shades of night descend;
Thy temple, Lord, is calm and still;
Thousand lamps of ether blend,
A thousand fires that temple fill.

2 Thou bidd'st the cares of earth depart;
Heaven's peace is wafted from above;
A Sabbath stillness fills the heart,
Devotion's calm and holy love.

3 And man, even from the dust, may rise,
Borne on the pinions of thy grace,
Up to angelic mysteries,
And find in thee, his resting place.

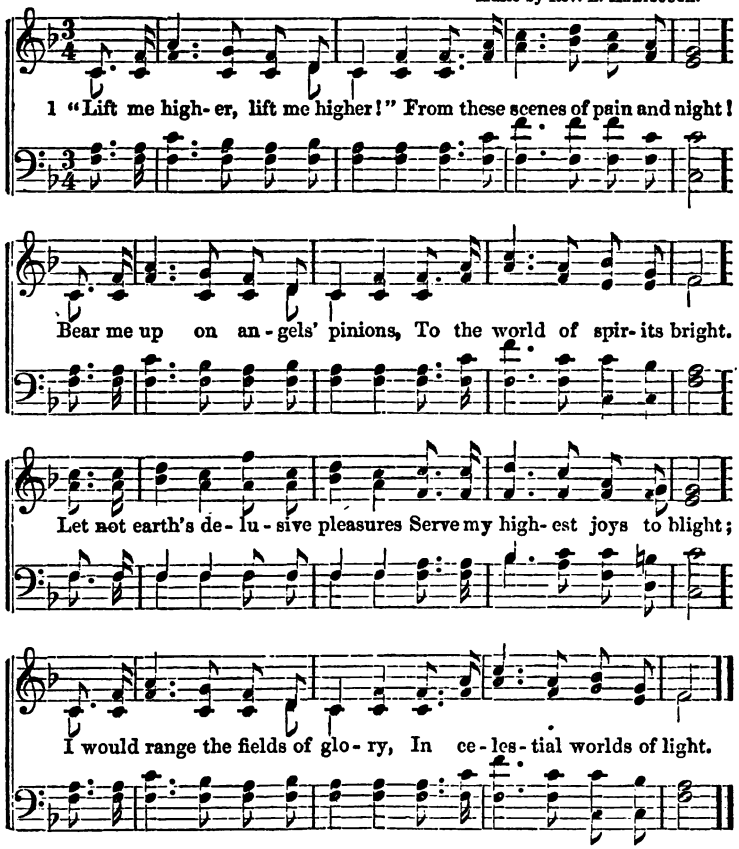
Closing Evening Hymn.

1 O Thou true Life of all that live,
Who dost, unmov'd, all motion sway;
Who dost the morn and evening give,
And thro' its changes guide the day:

2 Thy light upon our evening pour,
So may our souls no sunset see;
But death to us an open door
To an eternal morning be.

LIFT ME HIGHER. 8s & 7s M.

Music by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.



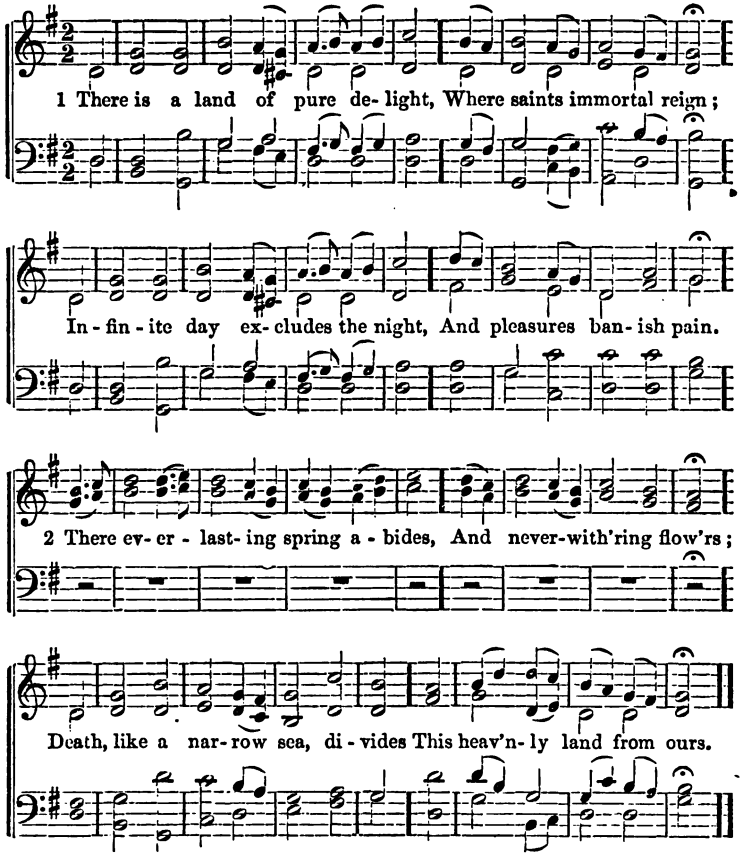
2 "Lift me higher! lift me higher!"
When temptations me assail;
Arm me for the fiercest conflict;
Let me in thy strength prevail.
"Lift me higher!" keep before me
Calvary's mount, where Jesus died;
Rest my faith in Christ, my Saviour,
My Redeemer crucified.

3 "Lift me higher! lift me higher!"
In affliction's darkest hour
Let my faith surmount the trial
In the strength of Jesus' power.
"Lift me higher! lift me higher!"
Till by faith the land I see
Where the ransomed from affliction,
Grief, and pain are ever free.

4 When death's shadows gather round me
Plume my spirit for its flight
To the land that knows no sorrow
Neither pain, nor death, nor night.
"Lift me higher!" HIGHER! HIGHER!
Till my spirit ends its flight
Far beyond this world of darkness
In the realms of endless light.

JORDAN. C. M. Double.

WM. BILLINGS.



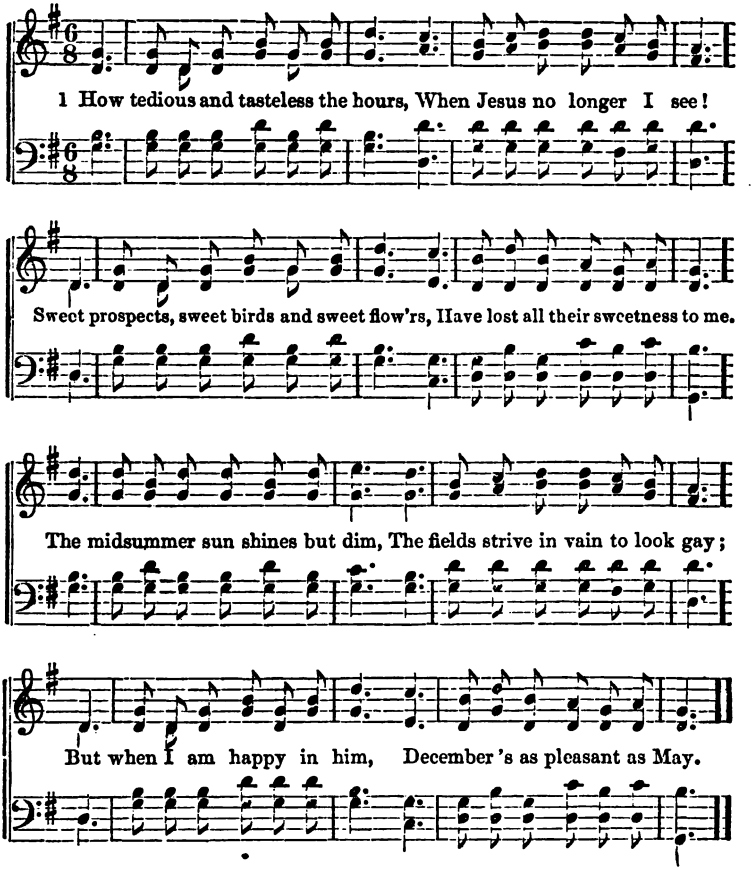
The Heavenly Canaan.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering, on the brink,
And *fear to* launch away.

5 Could we but make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes;—

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.



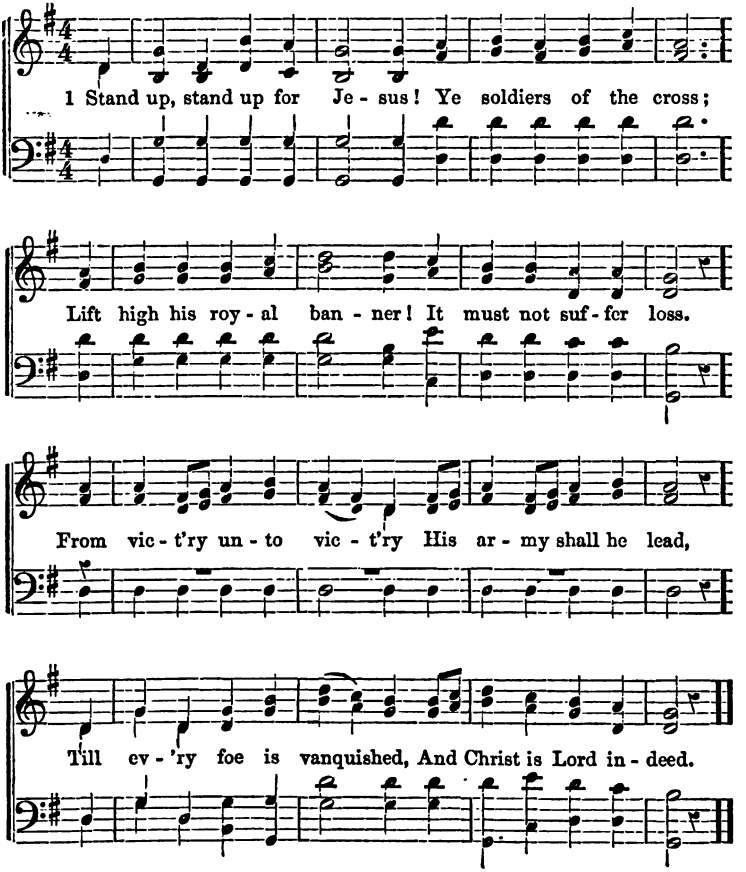
All-Sufficiency of Jesus.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,—
My summer would last all the year.

3 My Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky;
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
O take me to thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

STAND UP FOR JESUS. 7s & 6s M.

Air from BEETHOVEN.

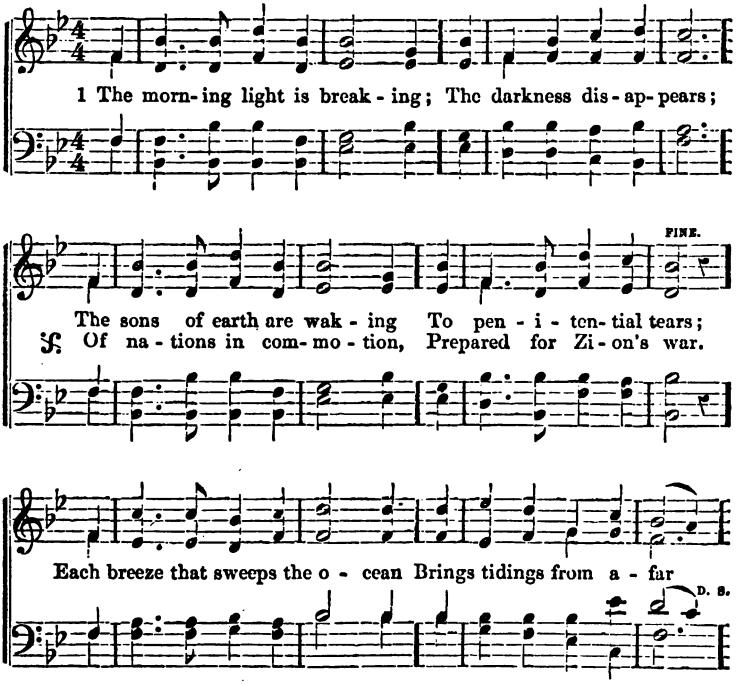


Stand up for Jesus.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
An arm of flesh will fail you—
You dare not trust your own.
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger—
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.
To him that overcometh,
A crown of light shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

G. J. WEBB.



The Day dawneth.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour.
Each cry to heaven going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

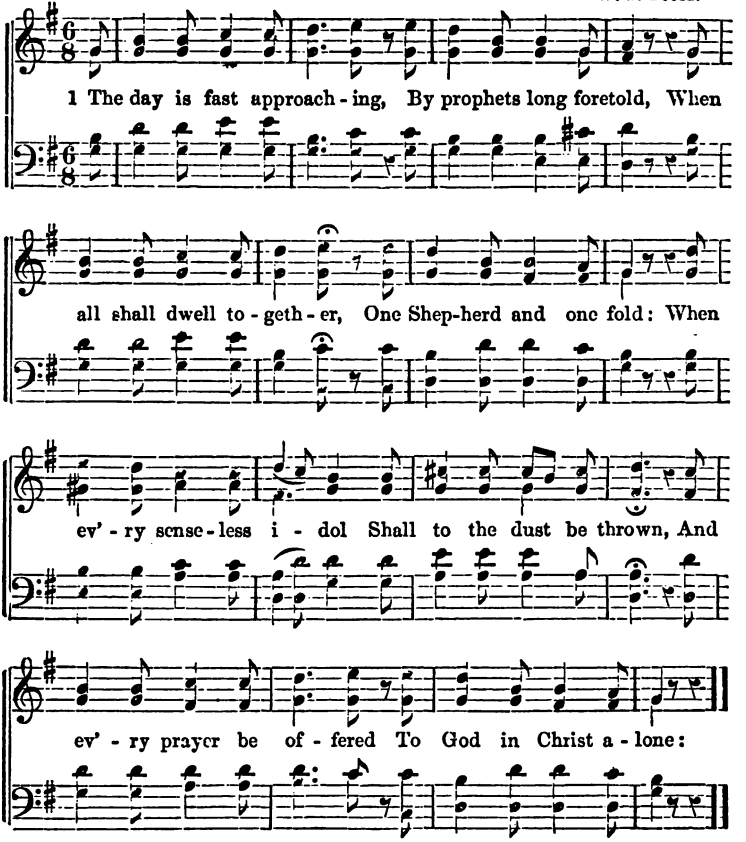
4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way,
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, the Lord has come.

Doxology.

In grateful adoration,
Lift up the heart in song,
And join the wide creation
God's praises to prolong.
In light and love he reigneth
O'er all in every place,
And through his Son proclaimeth
For man his saving grace.

THE PROMISED GOOD. 7s & 6s M.

W. S. Foote.

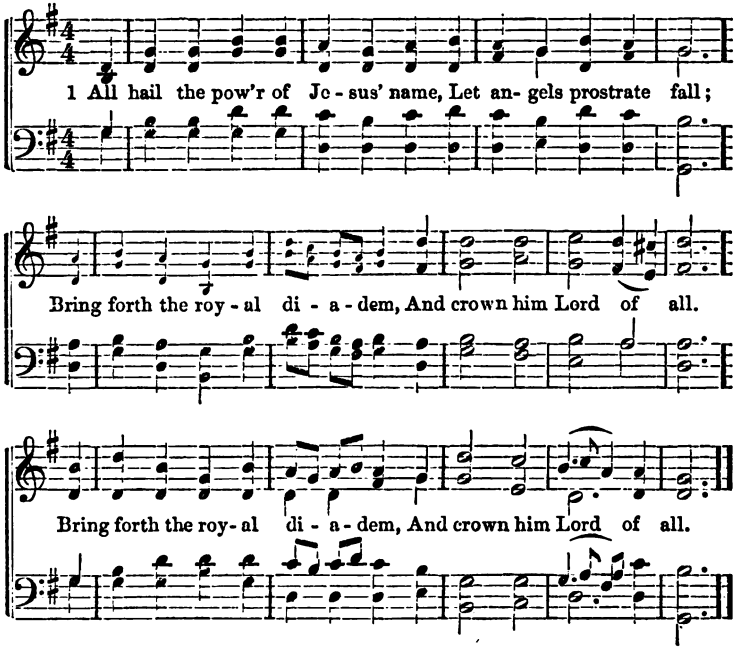


The Promised Good.

2 When Jew and Gentile meeting,
From many a distant shore,
Shall round one altar kneeling,
One common Lord adore;
When war shall be no longer,
And strife and tumult cease,
And earth become the kingdom
Of Christ, the Prince of Peace.

3 The long expected dawning
Breaks with its cheering ray,
Already morning brightens,
And shadows flee away.
O blessed day of triumph,
That cheers the watchers on
To pray and hope and labor,
Till the dark night be gone.

HOLDEN.



Coronation of Christ.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Babes, men and sires who know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall,
Now join with all the hosts above,
And own him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

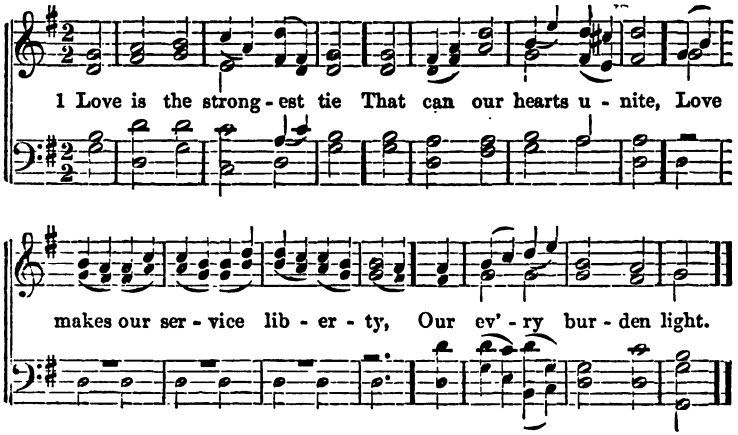
The Redeemer's Blessing.

1 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue;
His new-discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns!
God's own appointed Son;
His pow'r the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

4 With joy lift up your wond'ring eyes,
Ye islands of the sea:
Ye mountains, sink! ye valleys, rise!
Prepare the Lord his way!



Love's Service.

2 We run in God's commands,
When love directs the way;
With willing hearts and active hands,
Our Maker's will obey.

3 Love softens all our toil,
And makes our bondage blest;
The gloomy desert wears a smile
When love inspires the breast.

4 Let love forever grow,
And banish wrath and strife;
So shall we witness here below,
The joys of social life.

5 When we ascend the skies,
And see the Saviour's face,
Love will to full perfection rise,
And reign through all the place.

Prayer at All Times.

1 Come at the morning hour,
Come, let us kneel and pray;
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff,
To walk with God all day.

2 At noon, beneath the Rock
Of Ages, rest and pray;
Sweet is that shelter from the sun,
In weary heat of day.

3 At evening, in thy home,
Around its altar pray;
And finding there the house of God,
With heaven then close the day.

4 When midnight veils our eyes,
O, it is sweet to say,
I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,
With thee to watch and pray!

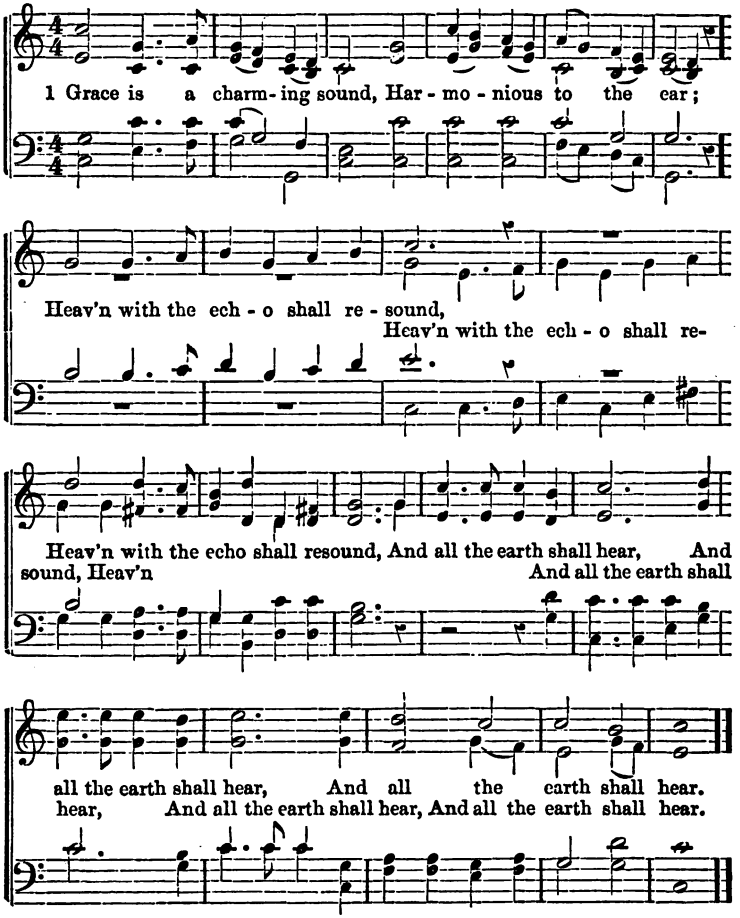
All Things in Christ.

1 The soul by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
'Mid raging storms, exults to find
An everlasting rest.

2 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er thy face appears;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.

3 It hallows every cross,
It sweetly comforts me;
It makes me now forget my loss,
And lose myself in thee.

4 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Will all my wishes fill;
What though created streams are dry?
I have the fountain still.



Redeeming Grace.

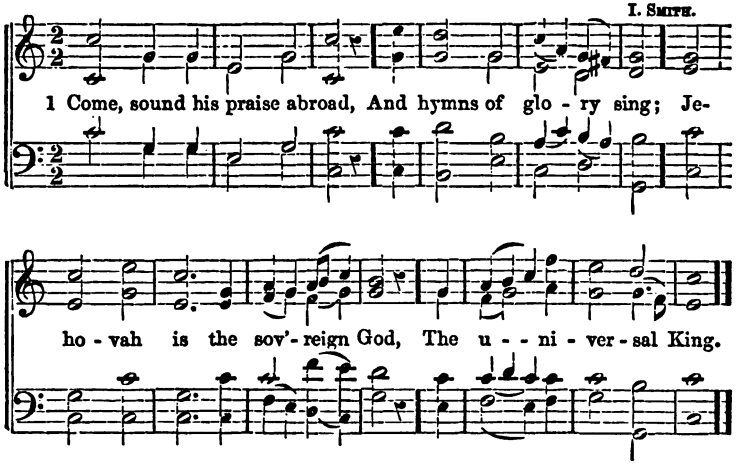
2 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

3 Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow;
'Twas grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. Smith.



2 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his work, and not our own,
He formed us by his word.

3 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

Pilgrim's Hymn.

1 Now let our voices join,
To form one pleasant song:
Ye pilgrims in God's holy way;
With music pass along.

2 How straight the path appears,
How open and how fair!
No lurking snares to entrap our feet,
No fierce destroyer there!

3 All glory to his name
Who drew the shining trace;
To him who leads the wanderers on,
And cheers them with his grace.

4 Subdue the nations, Lord!
Teach all their kings thy ways;
That earth's full choir the notes may swell,
And heaven resound the praise.

Blessedness of Christ's Reign.

1 How beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought but never found!

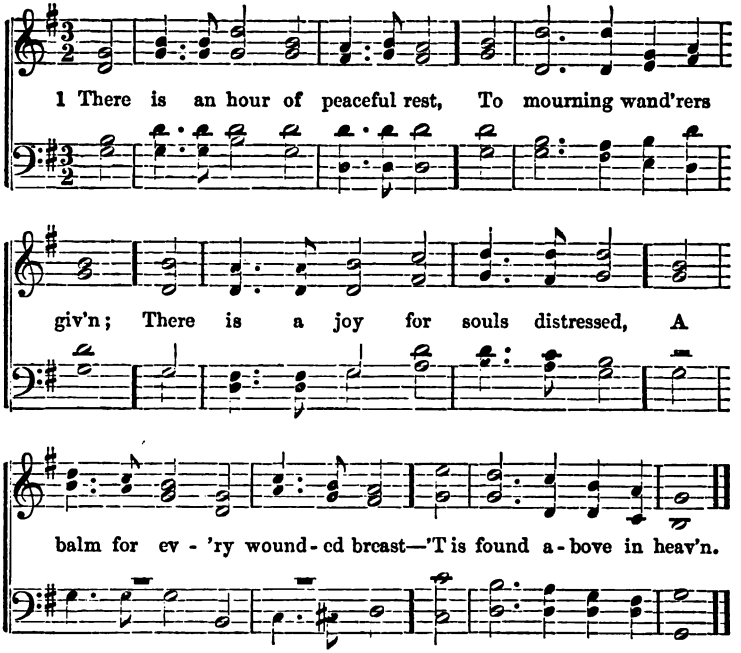
3 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

Convert's Joy.

1 How glorious is the hour
When first our souls awake,
And through thy spirit's quickening
Of the new life partake! [power

2 With richer beauty glows
The world, before so fair;
Her holy light religion throws,
Reflected every where.

3 Born of thy spirit, Lord,
Thy spirit may we share;
Deep in our hearts inscribe thy word,
And place thine image there.



The Land of Rest.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals
When storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

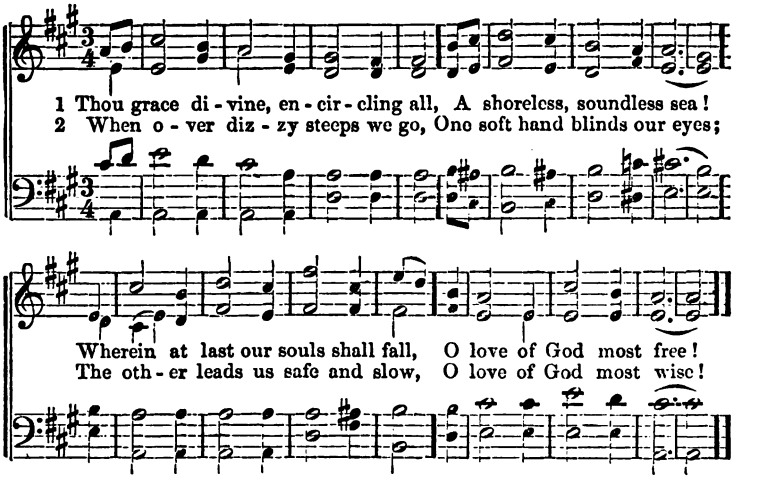
4 There fragrant flow'rs immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

Something here of Heaven.

1 This world's not all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
He that hath soothed a widow's woe,
Or wiped an orphan's tear, doth know
There's something here of heaven.

2 And he that walks life's thorny way,
With feelings calm and even,—
Whose path is lit from day to day
By virtue's bright and steady ray,
Hath something felt of heaven.

3 He that the Christian's course has run
And all his foes forgiven,
Who measures out life's little span
In love to God and love to man,
On earth has tasted heaven.



The Love of God.

3 And though we turn us from thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace,
O love of God most strong!

4 The sadden'd heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess thy sweet control,
O love of God most kind!

5 But not alone thy care we claim,
Our wayward steps to win;
We know thee by a dearer name,
O love of God within!

The Christian Zion.

1 Zion, the city of our God,
How glorious is the place!
The Saviour there has his abode,
And sinners see his face!

2 Firm against every adverse shock,
Its mighty bulwarks prove;
'Tis built upon the living Rock,
And walled around with love.

3 The gospel shines to give you light,
No longer, then, delay;
The Spirit waits to guide you right,
And Jesus is the way.

Prince of Peace.

1 O bless the Lord of Light who came
From darkness to release;
Give glory to his honored name,
And crown him Prince of Peace.

2 Praise him whose reign of truth and grace
Shall evermore increase,
Until each soul of all our race,
Shall own him Prince of Peace.

3 When finished is his plan of love,
All sin and woe shall cease;
And every tongue, in heaven above,
Shall own him Prince of Peace.

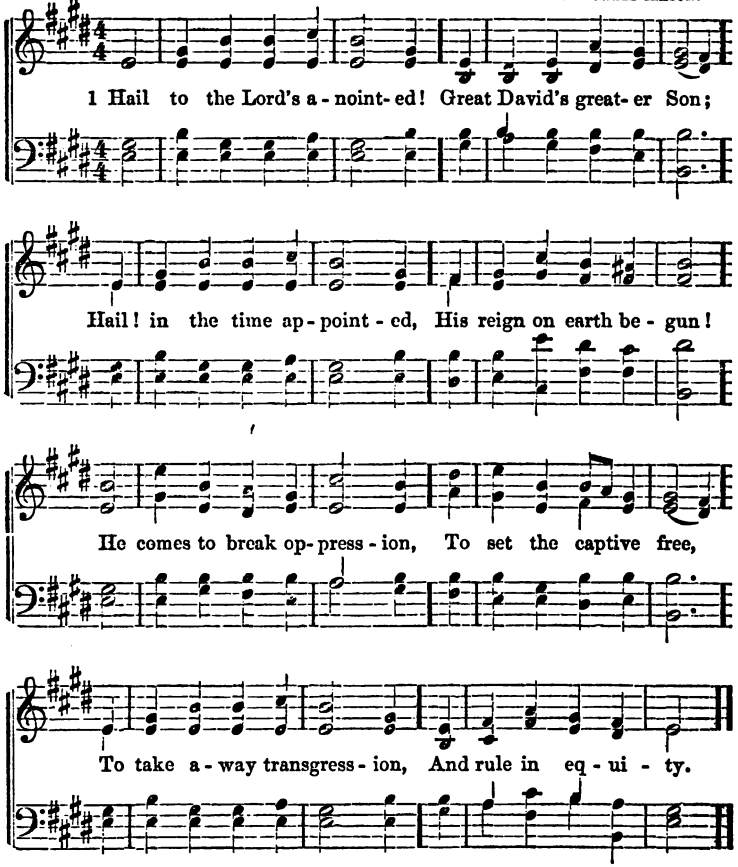
God is Love.

1 Come, ye who know and fear the Lord,
And raise your thoughts above;
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing that God is Love.

2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
The Saviour of mankind appears,
To show that God is Love.

3 With him at last mankind shall reign
In brighter worlds above,
And in each pure and holy strain,
Will sing that God is Love.

Dr. Lowell Mason.

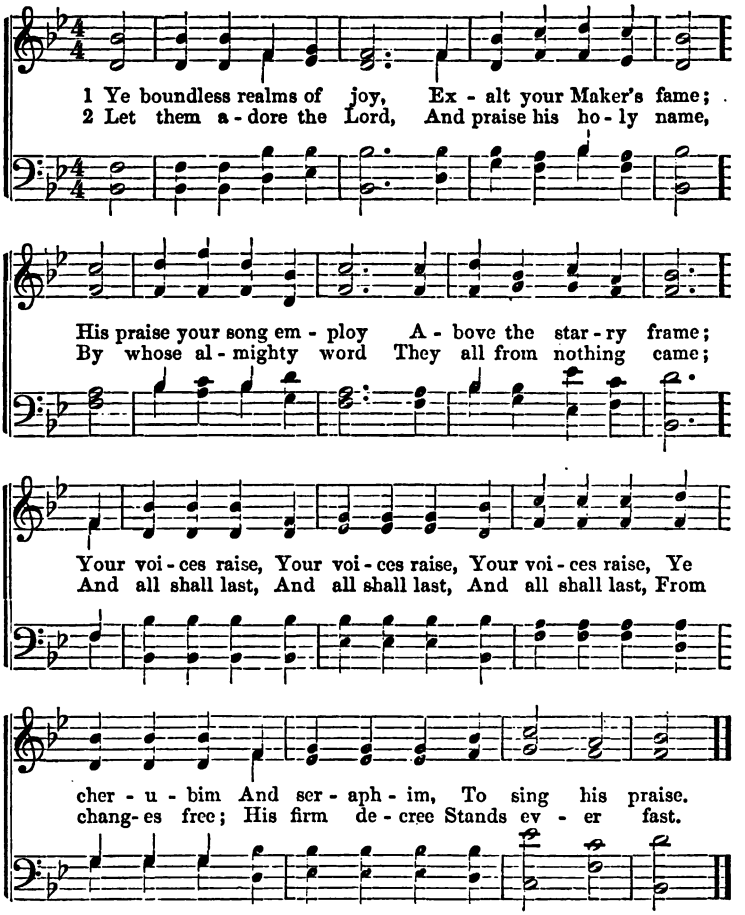


Christ's Kingdom.

2 He shall come down like show'rs
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, and joy, like flow'rs,
Spring in his path to birth;
Before him on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

3 For Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
That name to us is—Love.

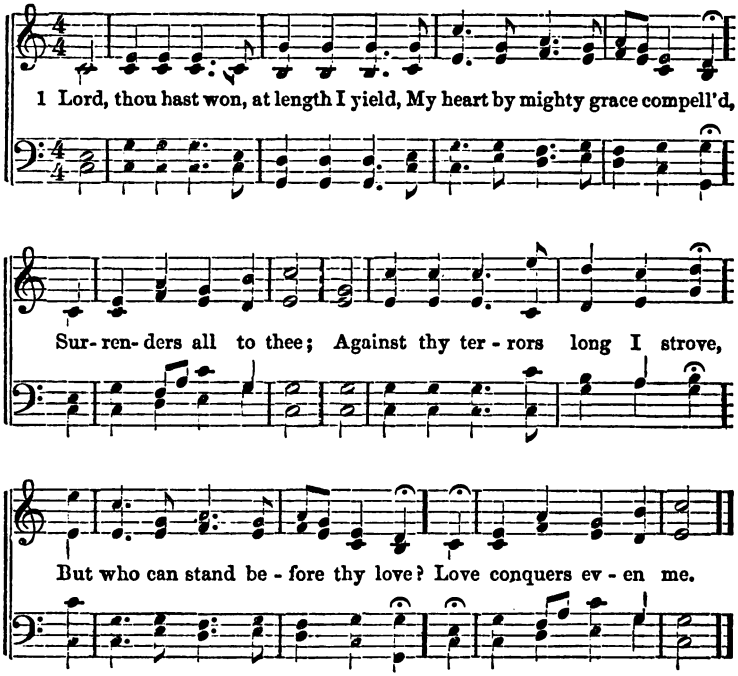
LENOX. S. M.



Universal Praise.

1 Ye realms below the skies,
Your Maker's praises sing;
Let boundless honors rise
To heaven's eternal King;
O, bless his name whose love extends
[illegible]ration to the world's far ends.

2 Give glory to the Lord,
Ye kindreds of the earth;
His sov'reign power record,
And show his wonders forth,
Till heathen tongues his grace proclaim,
And every heart adores his name.



Conquering Love.

2 If thou hadst bid thy thunders roll,
And lightnings flash to blast my soul,
I still had stubborn been:
But mercy has my heart subdued,
A loving Saviour I have viewed,
And now I hate my sin.

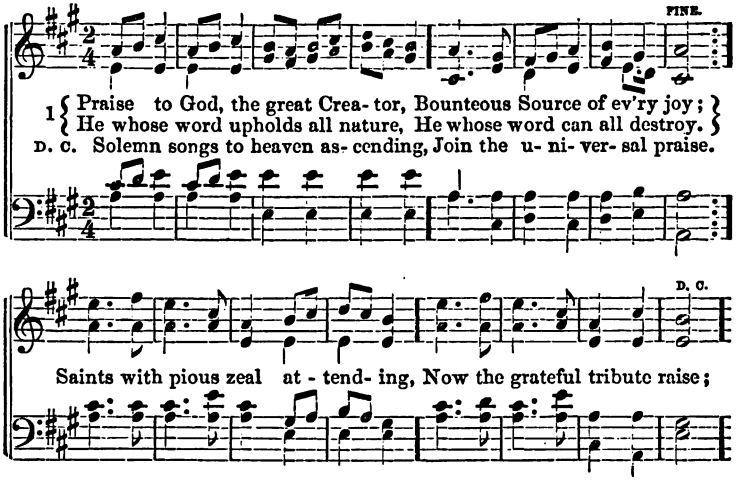
3 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone;
Come, take possession of thine own,
For thou hast set me free;
Releas'd from sin, at thy command
See all my pow'rs in waiting stand,
To be employed by thee.

True Wisdom.

1 Be it my only wisdom here
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude;
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.

2 O may I still from sin depart!
A wise and understanding heart,
Father, to me be given!
And let me through thy spirit know
To glorify my God below,
And find in thee my heaven.

ASPIRATION. 8s & 7s M.



Call to Praise.

2 Here indulge each grateful feeling
Lowly bend with contrite souls;
Here his milder grace revealing,
Here no peal of thunder rolls:
Lo, the sacred page before us
Bears the promise of his love,
Full of mercy to restore us,
Mercy beaming from above.

The Lord is in His holy Temple.

1 God is in his holy temple;
Thoughts of earth, be silent now,
While with reverence we assemble,
And before his presence bow.
He is with us now and ever,
When we call upon his name,
Aiding every good endeavor,
Guiding every upward aim.

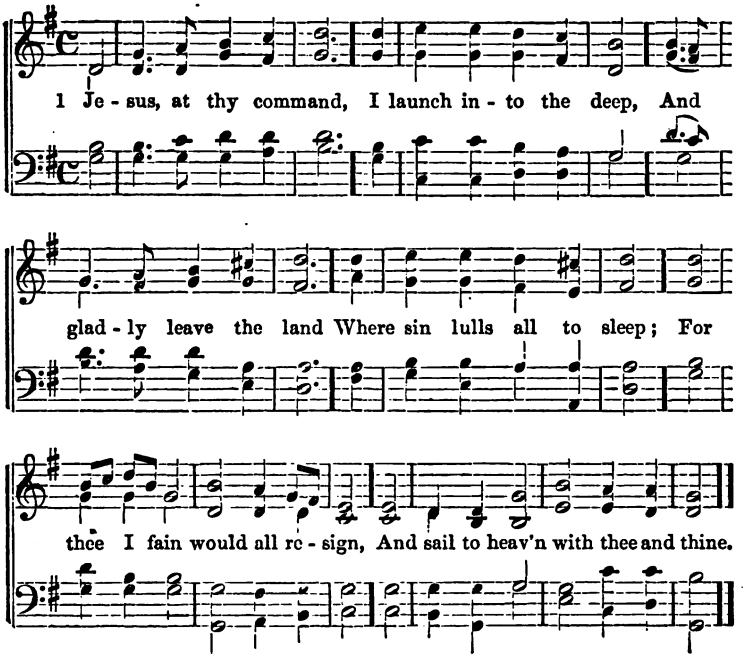
2 God is in his holy temple—
In the pure and holy mind;
In the reverent heart and simple;
In the soul from sense refined:
Then let every low emotion
Banished far and silent be!
And our souls, in pure devotion,
Lord, be temples worthy thee!

Glory of Zion.

1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode.
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose!
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Tho mayst smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Still supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows our thirst t' assuage!
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear;
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:
He who gives us daily manna,
He who listens when we cry,
Let him hear the loud hosanna
Rising to his throne on high.



The Christian Mariner.

2 Thou art my pilot wise;
My compass is thy word;
My soul each storm defies,
Relying on my Lord.
I trust thy wondrous skill and power,
To save me in the trying hour.

3 Though on the pathless deep
Appalling dangers rise,
On him who will not sleep,
My joyous hope relies.
My anchor firmly shall abide,
And I each boisterous storm outride.

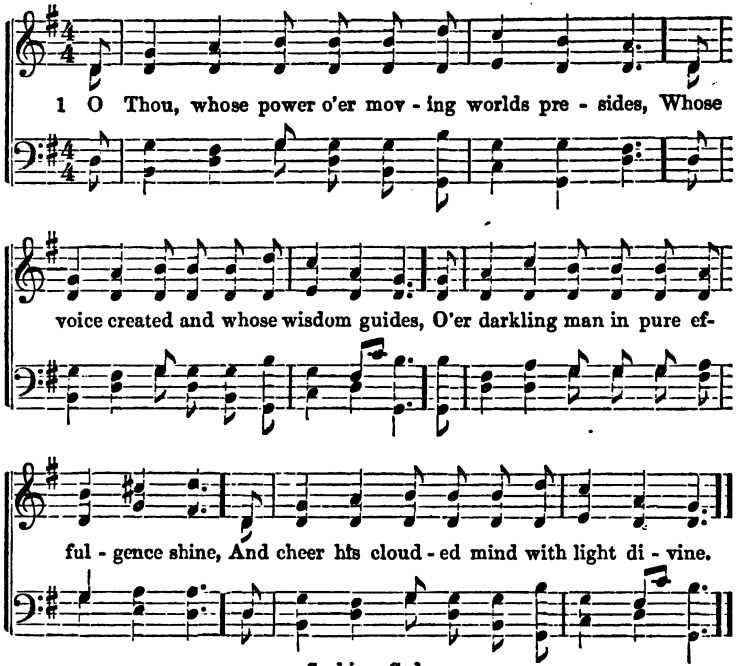
4 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest;
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast!
O may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves are known no more.

Invocation.

1 O Lord of glory! come,
And bless thy people here;
Our waiting minds illume;
Our longing spirits cheer.
By thee in truth divinely blest,
In thee alone we seek a rest.

2 Thy gospel word display,
In all its holy light,
That here, in wisdom's way,
Thy people may unite.
We wait thy blessing from above;
O grant us thy refreshing love!

3 And when we hence depart,
Thy spirit still bestow,
That so in every heart
Thy blessing we may know.
In thee alone we find a rest,
By thee alone divinely blest.



Seeking God.

2 'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast
With silent confidence and holy rest;
From thee, great God, we spring, to thee we tend—
Path, Motive, Guide, Original and End.

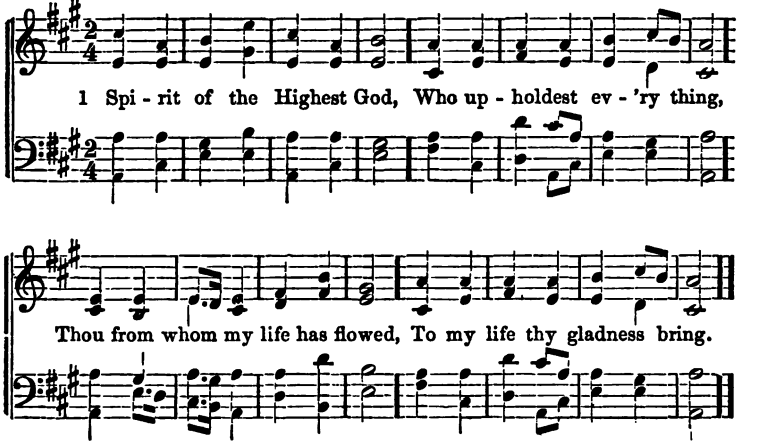
Christ's Presence Sought.

1 Abide with me! fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need thy presence every passing hour:
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

GERMAN.



Fulness of Joy.

2 Sweetest joy the soul can know,
Fairest light was never shed,
Who alike in joy and woe,
Leavest none unvisited!

3 For the noblest gift thou art,
That a soul e'er sought or won;
Have I wished thee to my heart,
Then my wishing all is done.

4 Bathe my soul, thou well of grace,
Cleanse me in thy purity;
Every stain and spot efface,
Make me what thou lov'st to see.

Prayer for Inspiration.

1 Holy Spirit, Truth divine!
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Son of God, and Inward Light!
Wake my spirit, clear my sight!

2 Holy Spirit, Power divine!
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear and nobly strive.

3 Holy Spirit, Love divine!
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in thy pure fire!

4 Holy Spirit, Peace divine!
Still this restless heart of mine;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in thy tranquility.

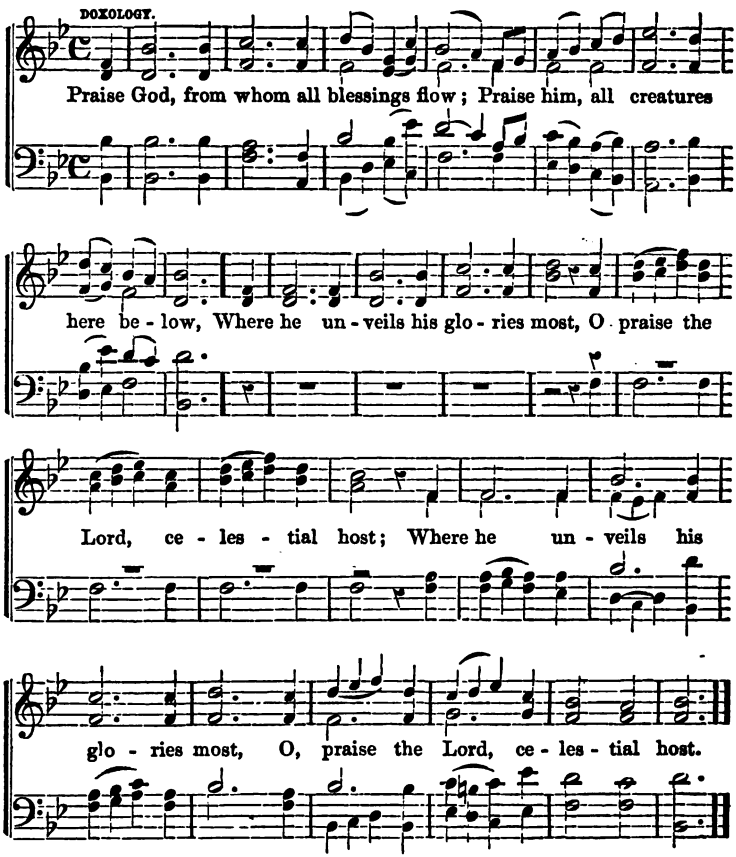
Self-Sacrifice.

1 Every bird that upward springs
Bears the cross upon his wings;
We without it cannot rise
Upward to our native skies.

2 Every ship that meets the waves
By the cross their fury braves;
We, on life's wide ocean tossed,
If we have it not are lost.

3 Hope it gives us when distrest,
When we faint it gives us rest;
Satan's craft and Satan's might,
By the cross are put to flight.

4 That from sin earth might be free,
Jesus bore it; so must we;
Ne'er through faintness lay it down:
First the cross, and then the crown!



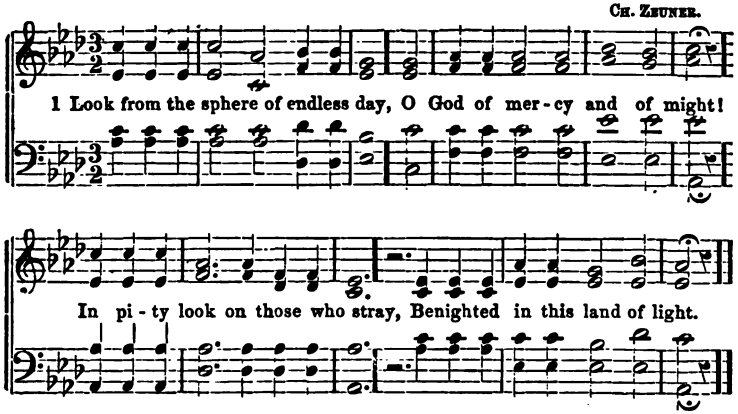
Unceasing Praise.

1 Far as Creation's bounds extend,
Thy mercies with thy glory blend;
To thee, O Lord, thy works shall raise
A chorus of unceasing praise.
While saints to thee in hymns impart
The transports of a grateful heart.

2 They sing the glories of thy name,
And feel within the vital flame;
And while thy wisdom they admire,
To know thy love their hearts aspire;
Thy love, O Lord, thy holy love,
Is heaven below, is heaven above!

3 To every soul of all our race,
Do thou reveal thy wondrous grace;
And may thy mercy thousands win
From ways of error and of sin;—
May faith and hope and love increase,
And fill the earth with joy and peace.

CH. ZEUNER.



The Great Fold.

"Other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them must I also bring."

2 Send forth thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the harden'd old,
A wandering flock—and bring them all
To the good Shepherd's peaceful fold.

3 Send them thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn and doubt depart;
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

4 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
On which, with sorrowing eyes, we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

God Leads us Right.—(Tune, CREATION, p. 62.)

1 Leader of faithful souls, and guide
Of all who seek the land above,
Beneath thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of thy protecting love;
Our strength thy grace, our rule thy word,
Our end the glory of the Lord.

2 By thine unerring spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray,
We shall not full direction need,
Nor miss our providential way;
As far from danger as from fear,
While Love, almighty Love, is near.

Perfection of God.

1 Thou art, Almighty Lord of all,
From everlasting still the same;
Before thee dazzling seraphs fall,
And veil their faces in a flame,
To see such bright perfections glow,—
Such floods of glory from thee flow.

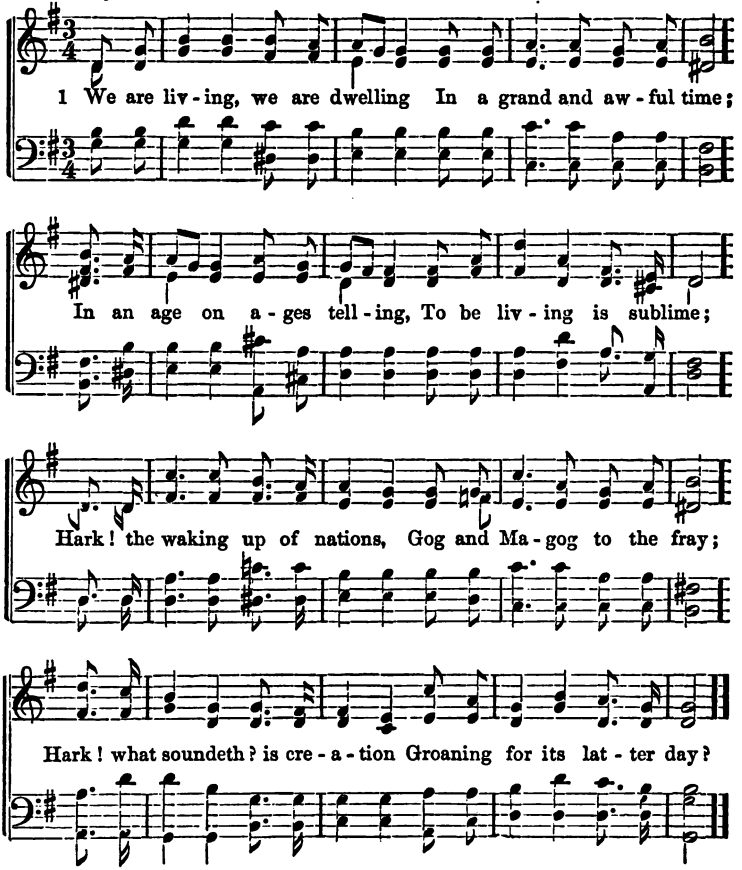
2 What mortal hand shall dare to paint
A semblance of thy glory, Lord?
The brightest rainbow-tints are faint,
The brightest stars of heaven afford
But dim effusions of those rays
Of light that round Jehovah blaze.

3 The sun himself is but a gleam,
A transient meteor, from thy throne;
And every frail and fickle beam,
That ever in creation shone,
Is nothing, Lord, compared to thee
In thy own vast immensity.

4 But though thy brightness may create
All worship from the hosts above,
What most thy name must elevate
Is, that thou art a God of love;
And mercy is the central sun
Of all thy glories joined in one.

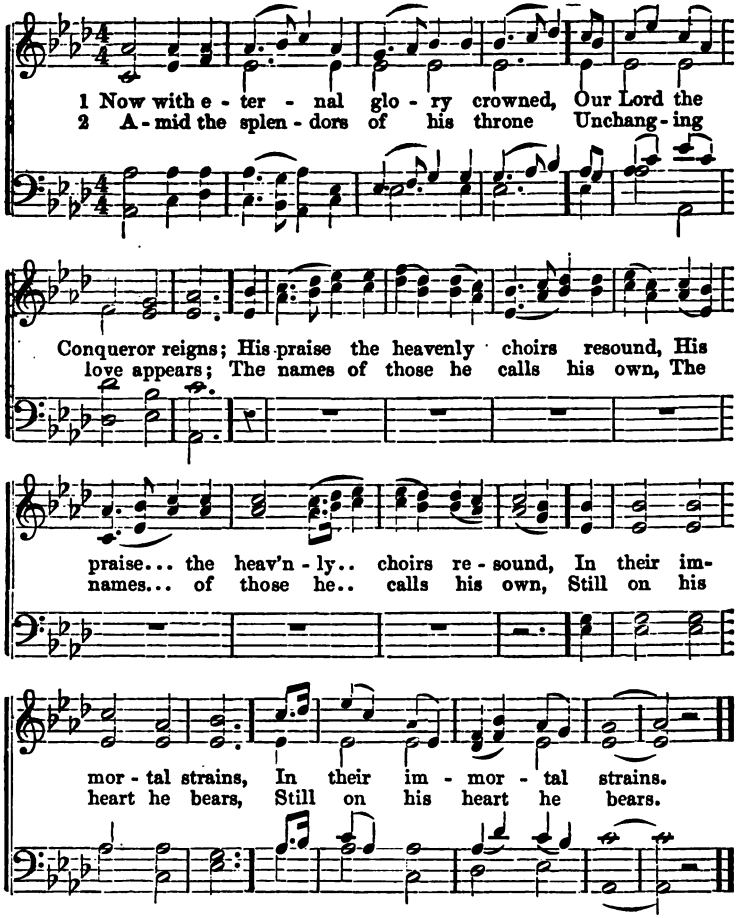
OUR DAY AND DUTY. 8s & 7s M.

Words by A. C. Coxe. W. G. Fischer.



2 Will ye play, then, will ye dally
With your music and your wine?
Up! it is Jehovah's rally!
God's own arm hath need of thine;
Hark! the onset! will ye fold your
Faith-clad arms in lazy lock?
O up, thou drowsy soldier,
Worlds are charging to the shock.

3 Worlds are charging—heav'n beholding,
Thou hast but an hour to fight—
Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
On, right onward, for the right;
On! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages, tell for God!



Exaltation of Christ.

3 O the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store;
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.

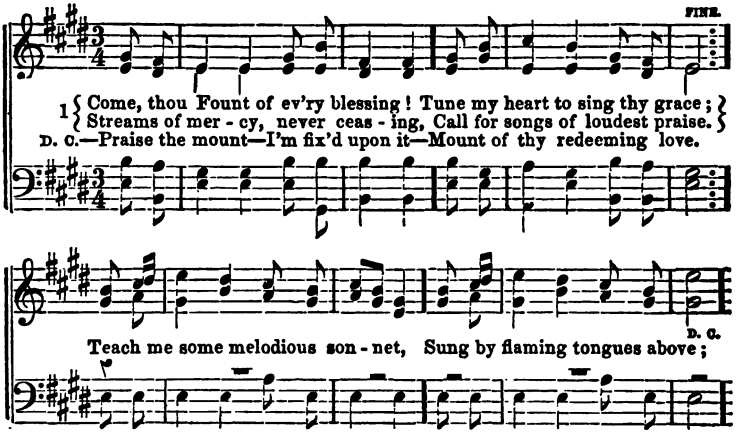
4 On thee alone my hope relies;
Beneath thy cross I fall,
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all.

The Sabbath.

1 To God, our strength, your voice
In strains of glory raise; [aloud,
High to Jehovah, Jacob's God,
Exalt the notes of praise.

2 Now let the gospel trumpet blow
On each appointed feast,
And teach his waiting Church to know
The Sabbath's sacred rest.

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s M. Double.



Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.

2 Here I find my richest treasure,
Hither by thy help I come;
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O, take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

Come to Jesus.

1 Come! 'tis Jesus' invitation,
Now to anxious souls addressed;
Why, O why such hesitation?
Mourners, he will give you rest.
Do you fear your own unfitness,
Burdened as ye are with sin?
'Tis the Holy Spirit's witness;
Christ invites you,—enter in.

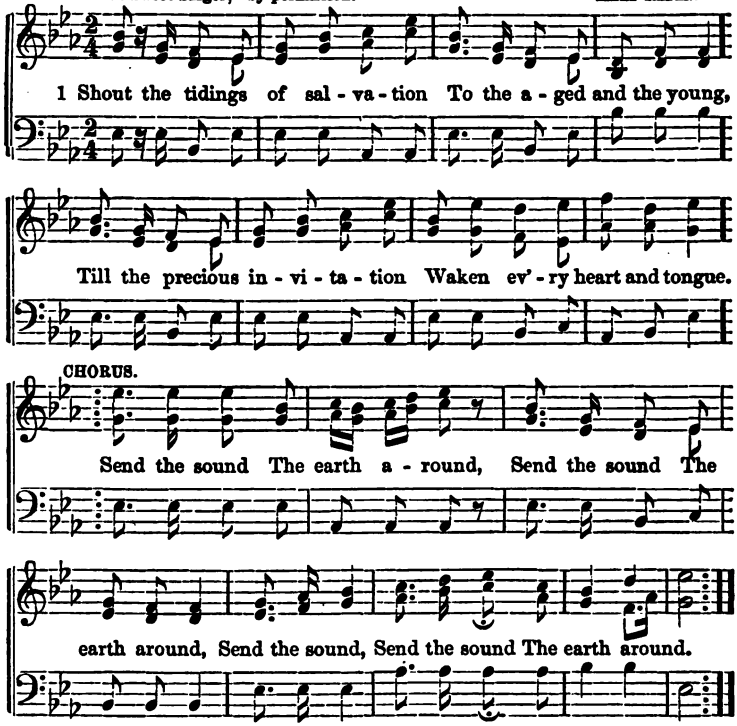
2 Stay not, pondering on your sorrow,
Turn from your own self away,
Do not linger till to morrow,—
Come to Christ without delay.
Jesus, with thy word complying,
Firm our faith and hope shall be;
On thy faithfulness relying,
We will cast our souls on thee.

A Call to the Wandering.

1 Tell us, wanderer, wildly roving
From the path that leads to peace,
Pleasure's false enchantment loving,
When will thy delusion cease?
Once like thee, by joys surrounded
We could kneel at pleasure's shrine;
Then our brightest hopes were bounded
By delights as false as thine.

2 But those visions never blessed us—
Soon their fleeting day was o'er;
Then the world that had caressed us,
Charmed us with its smiles no more.
Such is pleasure's transient glory;
Lasting happiness is known
Only in the path to glory,—
In the Saviour's love alone.

From "The Sweet Singer," by permission. KARL REDEN.



2 Shout the tidings of salvation
O'er the islands of the sea;
Till in humble adoration,
All to Christ shall bow the knee.
Cho.—Send the sound, &c.

3 Shout the tidings of salvation,
Till the nations hear the call;
And with joyous acclamation,
Crown the Saviour Lord of all.
Cho.—Send the sound, &c.

Thrice Holy.

1 "Lord, thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!"
Cho.—Send the sound, &c.

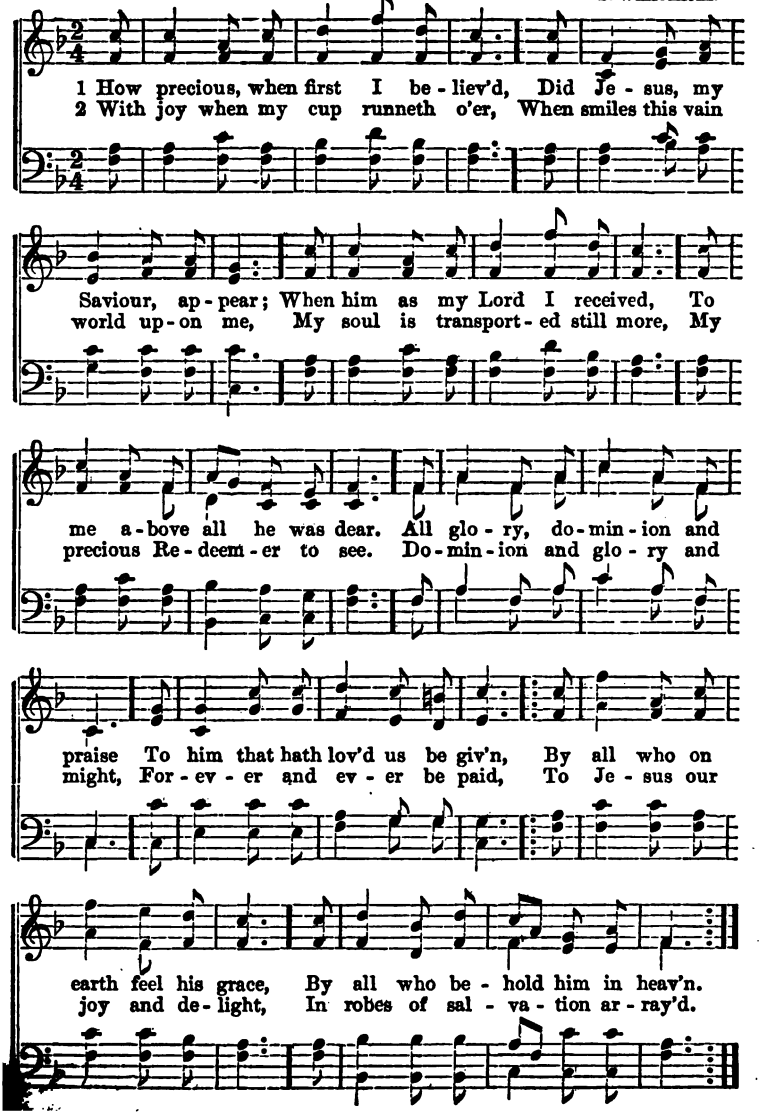
2 Heaven is still with anthems ringing;
Earth takes up the angel's cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,
"Lord of hosts, the Lord most High!"
Cho.—Send the sound, &c.

3 Ever thus in God's high praises,
Brethren, let our tongues unite,
Whilst our thoughts his greatness raises,
And our love his gifts excite.
Cho.—Send the sound, &c.

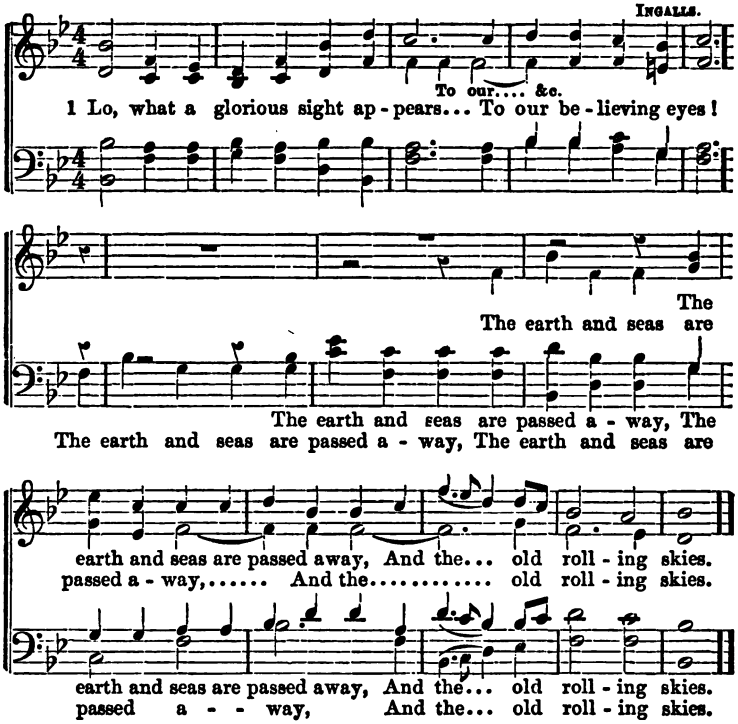
4 With his seraph train before him,
With his holy church below,
Thus unite we to adore him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:
Cho.—Send the sound, &c.

UTICA. 8s M.

T. Whittemore.



INGALLS.



The New Jerusalem.

2 From the third heaven, where God
That holy, happy place, [resides,
The New Jerusalem comes down
Adorned with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing:
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

4 "The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode;
Men the dear objects of his grace,
And he the loving God.

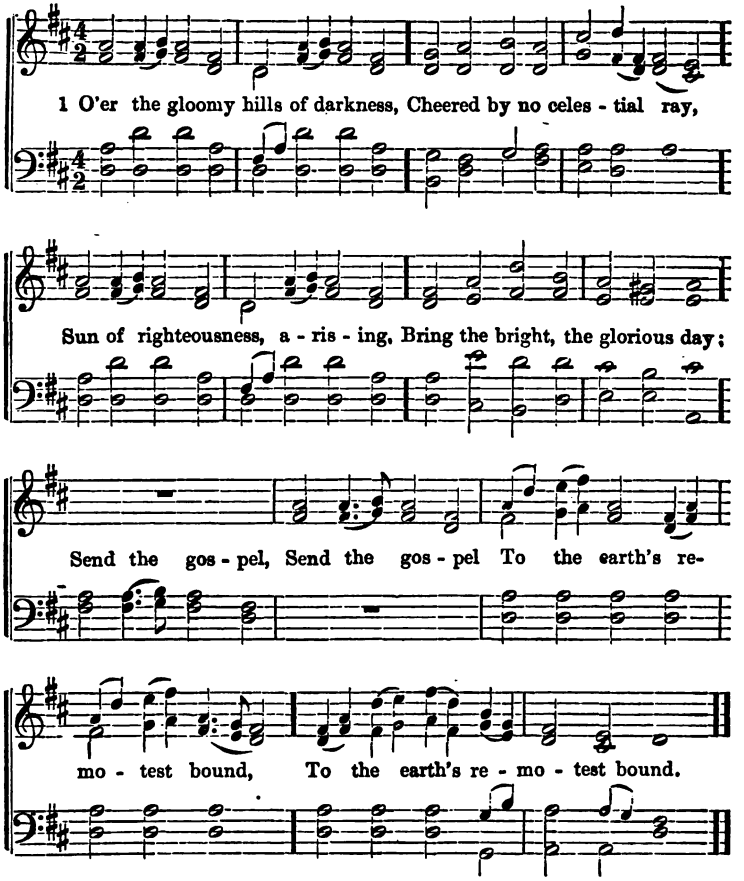
5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the
From every weeping eye; [tears
And pains and groans and griefs and
And death itself, shall die." [fears,

UTICA.—(Concluded from opposite page.)

3 How precious in sickness and pain,
Is Jesus, Physician divine,
Whose grace then my soul doth sustain,
When all earthly comforts decline.
Salvation ascribe to the Lamb, [sin,
Who saved us from death and from
Whose blood is the life-giving balm,
That heals all the sickness within.

4 Thro' death's gloomy vale when I tread,
And when the grave's terrors appear,
No danger or evil I'll dread,
For Jesus, my Lord, will be there,
His praises forever we'll sing
Who's willing and mighty to save,
Who took from the monster his sting,
And spoiled of its terror the grave.

OLIPHANT. 8s 7s & 4s M.

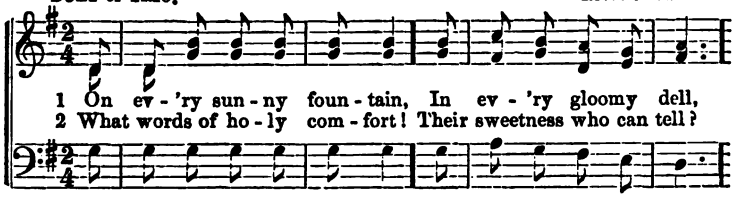


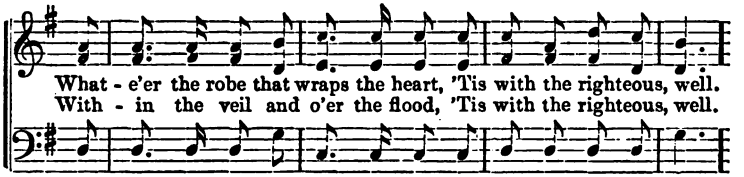
Spread of the Gospel.

2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light,
And, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

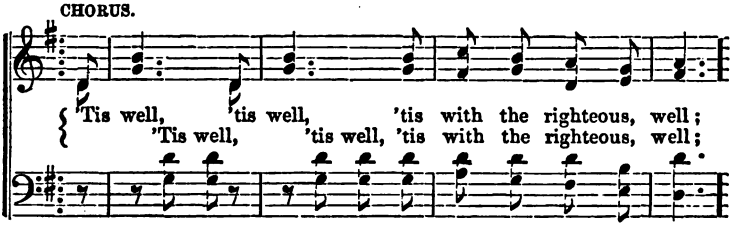
3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel!
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions,
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

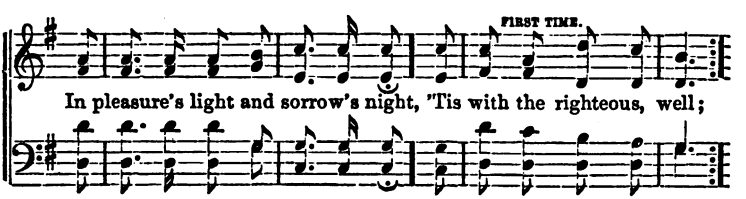
DUET or TRIO. Rev. R. LOWRY.

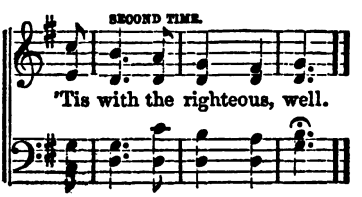




CHORUS.



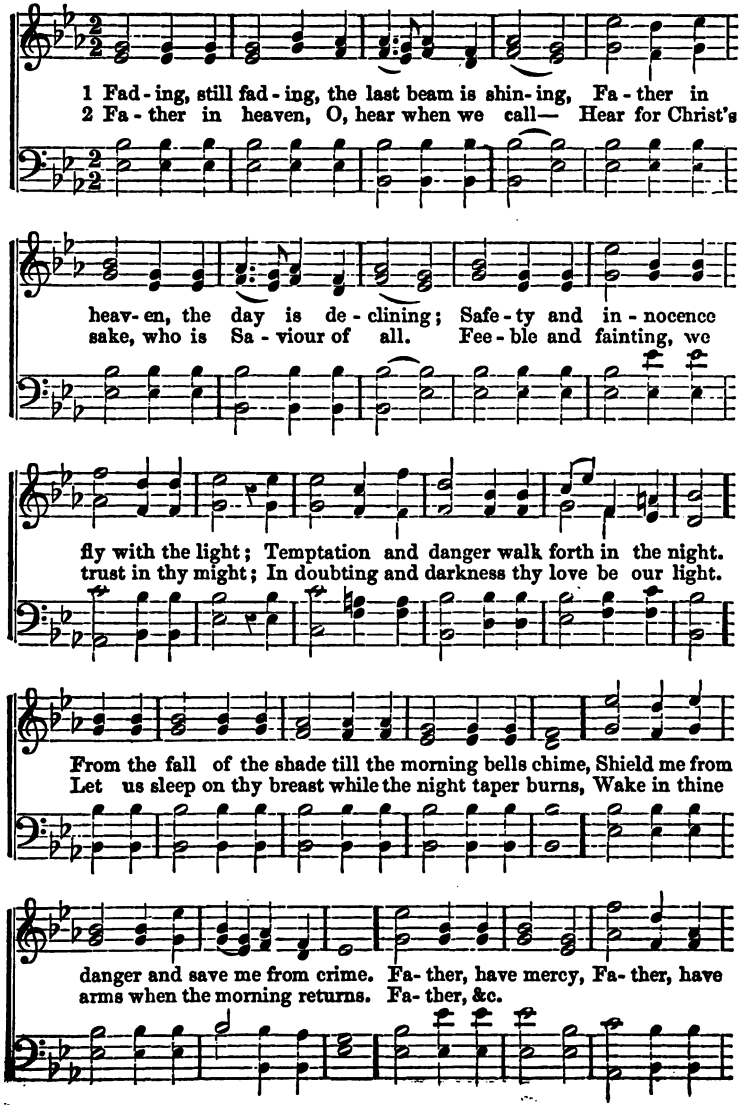


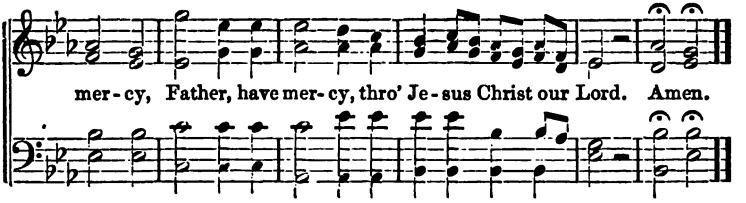


3 Though dripping clouds may gather,
And grief the bosom swell,
The trusting heart will ever sing,
'Tis with the righteous, well.—*Cho.*

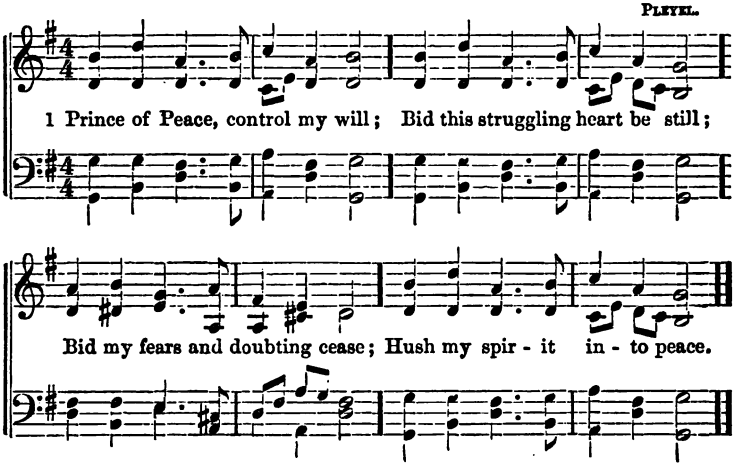
4 And when the strife is over,
And hushed the solemn knell,
Within the gates, around the throne,
'Tis with the righteous, well.—*Cho.*

FADING, STILL FADING.





PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s M.



Submission.

2 May thy will, not mine, be done;
May thy will and mine be one:
Chase these doubtings from my heart;
Now thy perfect peace impart.

3 Saviour, at thy feet I fall;
Thou my Life, my Lord, my All.
Let thy happy servant be
One for evermore with thee.

The Spirit Invoked.

1 Holy Spirit, from on high,
Bend o'er us a pitying eye;
Now refresh the drooping heart;
Bid the power of sin depart.

2 May we daily grow in grace,
And pursue the heavenly race;
Trained in wisdom, led by love,
Till we reach our rest above.

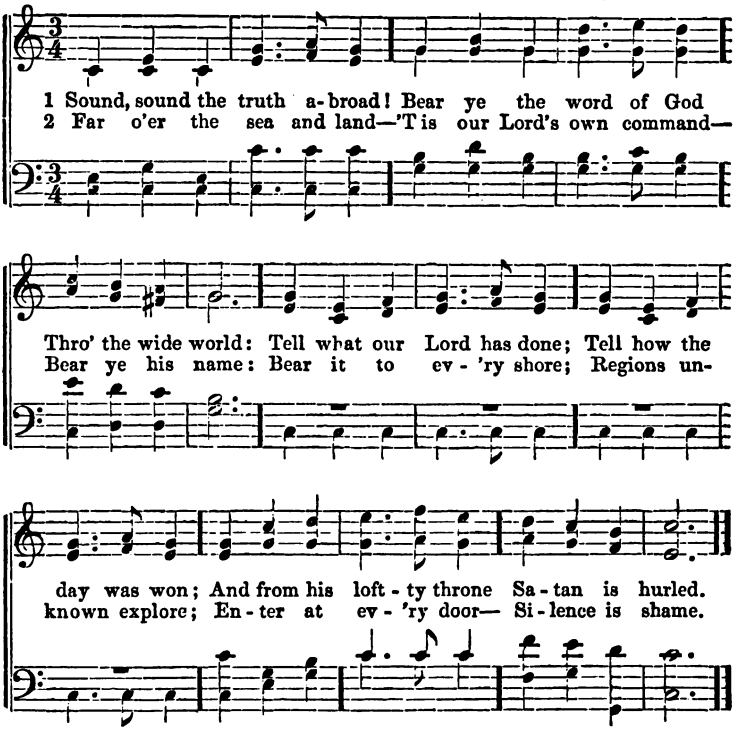
Dismission.

1 Christian brethren, ere we part,
Every voice and every heart
Join, and to our Father raise
One last hymn of grateful praise.

2 Though we here should meet no more
Yet there is a brighter shore;
There, released from toil and pain—
There we all may meet again.

DORT. 6s & 4s M.

Dr. Lowell Mason.



The Lord's Ascension.

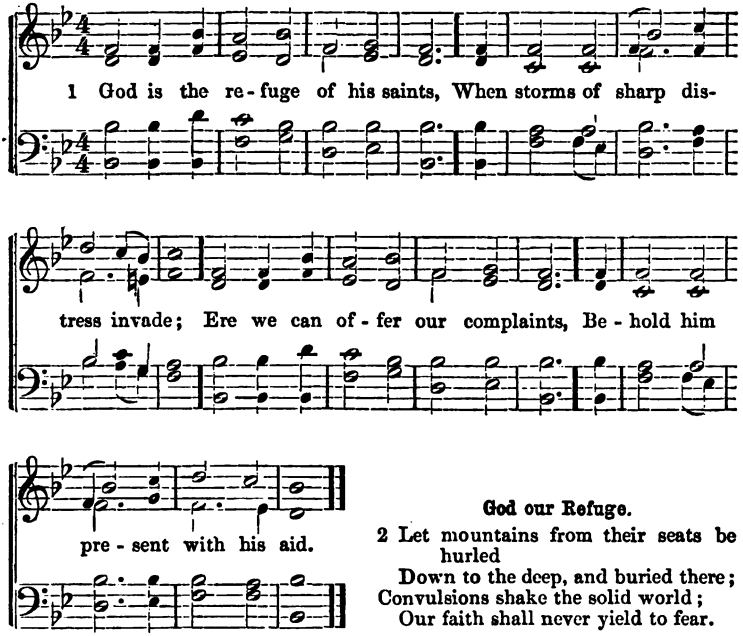
1 Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise
Into thy native skies—
Assume thy right:
And where, in many a fold,
The clouds are backward rolled—
Pass through those gates of gold,
And reign in light.

2 Victor o'er death and hell,
Cherubic legions swell
The radiant train:
Praises all heaven inspire;
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And waves his wings of fire,—
Thou Lamb, once slain.

3 Enter blest Son of God:
No feet but thine have trod
The serpent down:
Blow the full trumpets, blow;
Wider your portals throw;
Saviour, triumphant, go
And take thy crown.

4 Lion of Judah, hail;
And let thy name prevail
From age to age:
Lord of the rolling years,
Claim for thine own the spheres,
For thou hast bought with tears
Thy heritage.

From a Scotch tune. Dr. L. Mason.



God our Refuge.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world;
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

4 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

"His Tender Mercies are over All."

1 Our God is good; in every place
His love is known, his help is found;
His mighty arm and tender grace
Bring good from ills that hem us round.

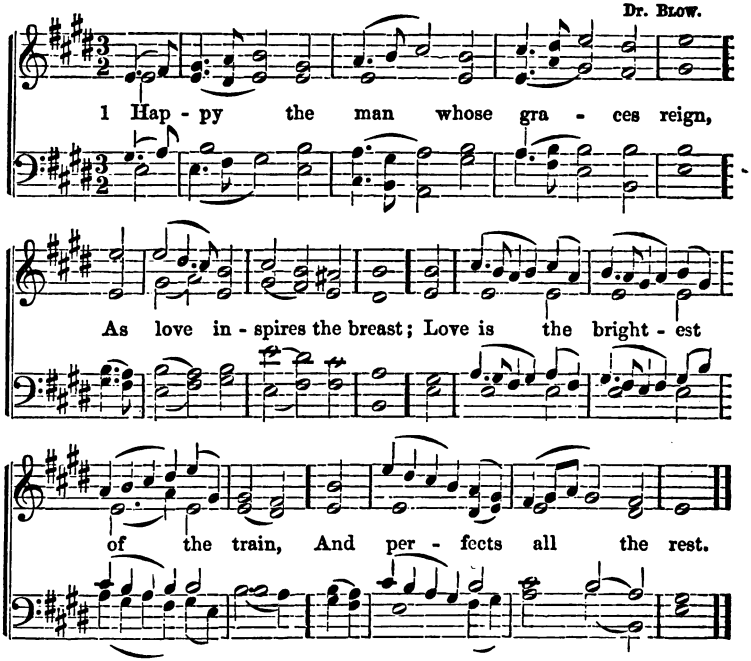
2 He who doth earth and heaven control,
Who spreads the clouds o'er sea and land,
Whose presence fills the mighty whole,
In each true heart is close at hand.

3 Those whom the thoughtless world forsakes,
Who stand bewildered with their woe,
He gently to his bosom takes
And bids them all his fulness know.

4 What though thou tread'st with bleeding feet
A thorny path of grief and gloom;
Thy God will make that way most meet
To lead thee heavenward, lead thee home.

NEW YORK. C. M.

Dr. Blow.



Greatness of Love.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 This is the grace that lives and sings,
Though faith and hope should cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In brightest realms of bliss.

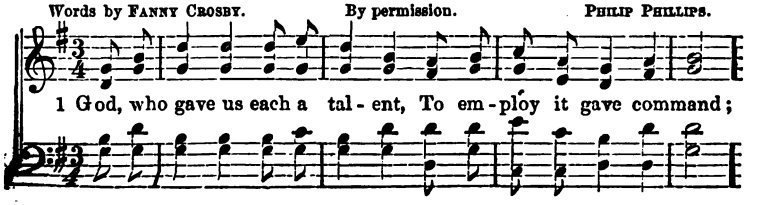
Desire for Holiness.

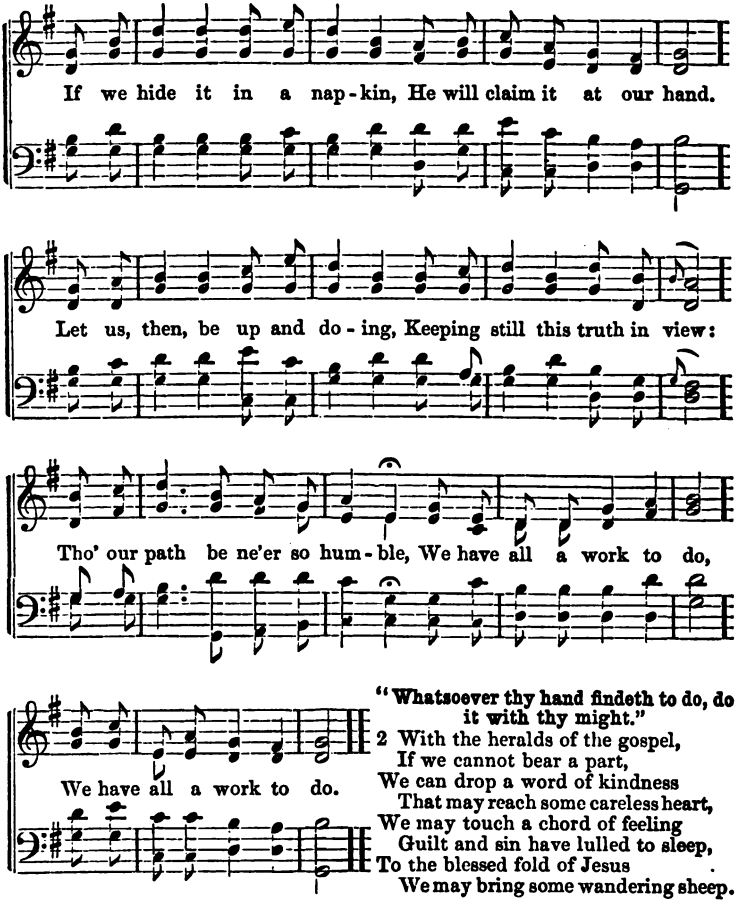
1 When shall I see the welcome hour
When God shall reign in me,—
Spirit of health, and life, and power,
And perfect liberty?

2 Refining fire! go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul,
Diffuse thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

OUR CALL. 8s & 7s M.

Words by Fanny Crosby. By permission. Philip Phillips.





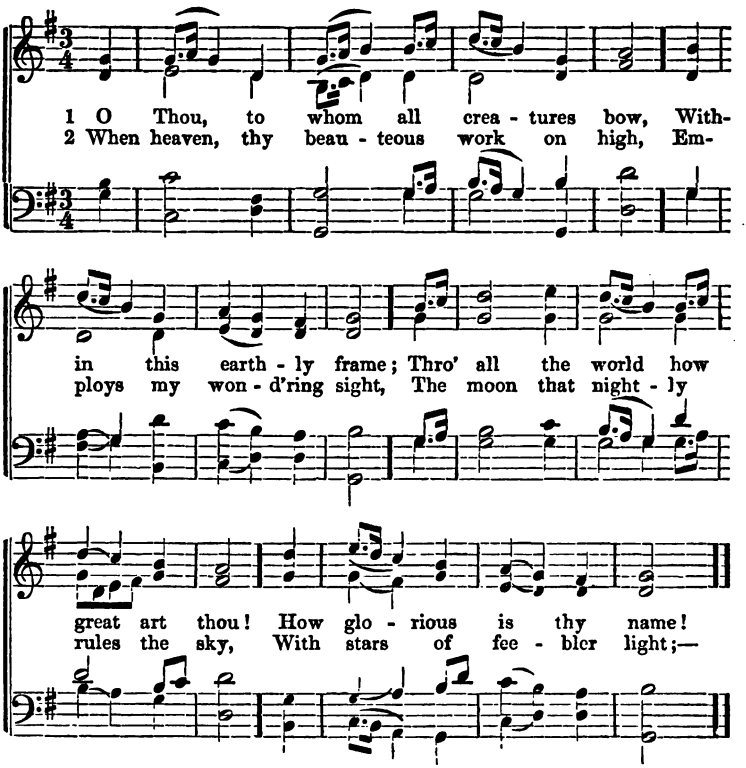
"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

2 With the heralds of the gospel,
If we cannot bear a part,
We can drop a word of kindness
That may reach some careless heart,
We may touch a chord of feeling
Guilt and sin have lulled to sleep,
To the blessed fold of Jesus
We may bring some wandering sheep.

3 If our mission does not lead us
O'er the deep to climes afar,
We perhaps may guide a seaman,
By the Christian's Polar Star.
We can make the burden lighter,
Which the weary long have borne;
We can smooth the dying pillow,
We can comfort those who mourn.

4 These are precious, golden moments,
Kindly lent us to improve;
Are we faithful to our calling,
Earnest in our work of love—
Ever at our post of duty
Wheresoe'er our call may be?
Let our lamp be trimmed and burning,
And the world their glory see.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.



Adoration.

3 Lord, what is man, that thou shouldst
To bear him in thy mind! [deign
Or what his race, that thou shouldst
To them so wondrous kind! [prove

4 O thou, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Thro' all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

God's Free Word.

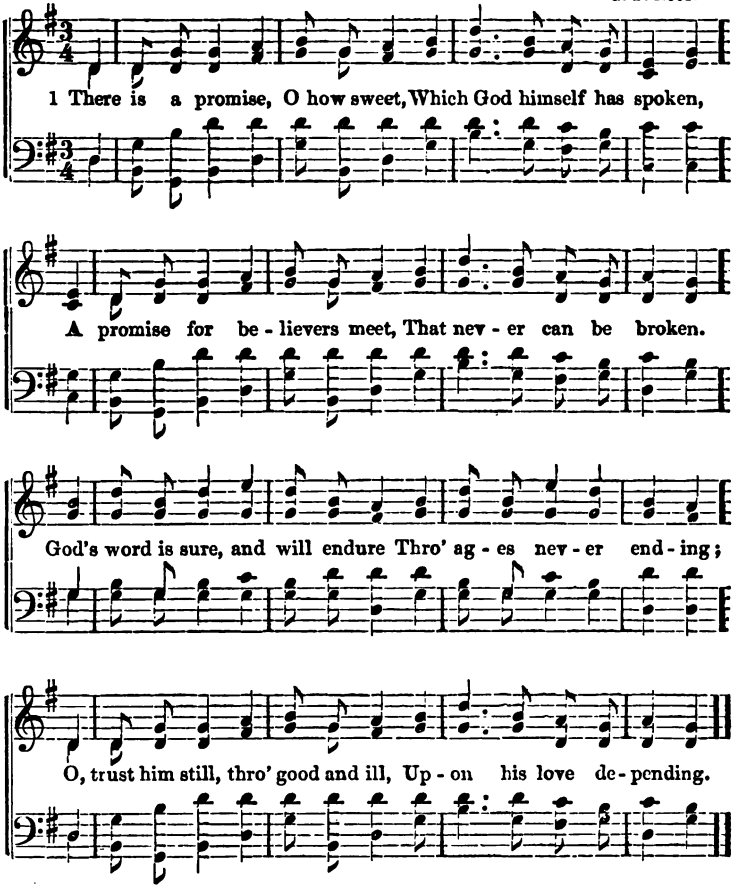
1 Thy Word, O God! is living yet,
Amid earth's restless strife
New harmony creating still,
And ever higher life.

2 And as that Word moves surely on,
The light, ray after ray,
Streams further out athwart the dark,
And night grows into day.

3 O Word that broke the stillness first,
Sound on! and never cease,
Till all earth's darkness be made light,
And all her discord peace!

4 Till selfish passion, strife, and wrong
Thy summons shall have heard,
And thy creation be complete,
O Thou Eternal Word!

G. F. Root.



Believing the Promise.

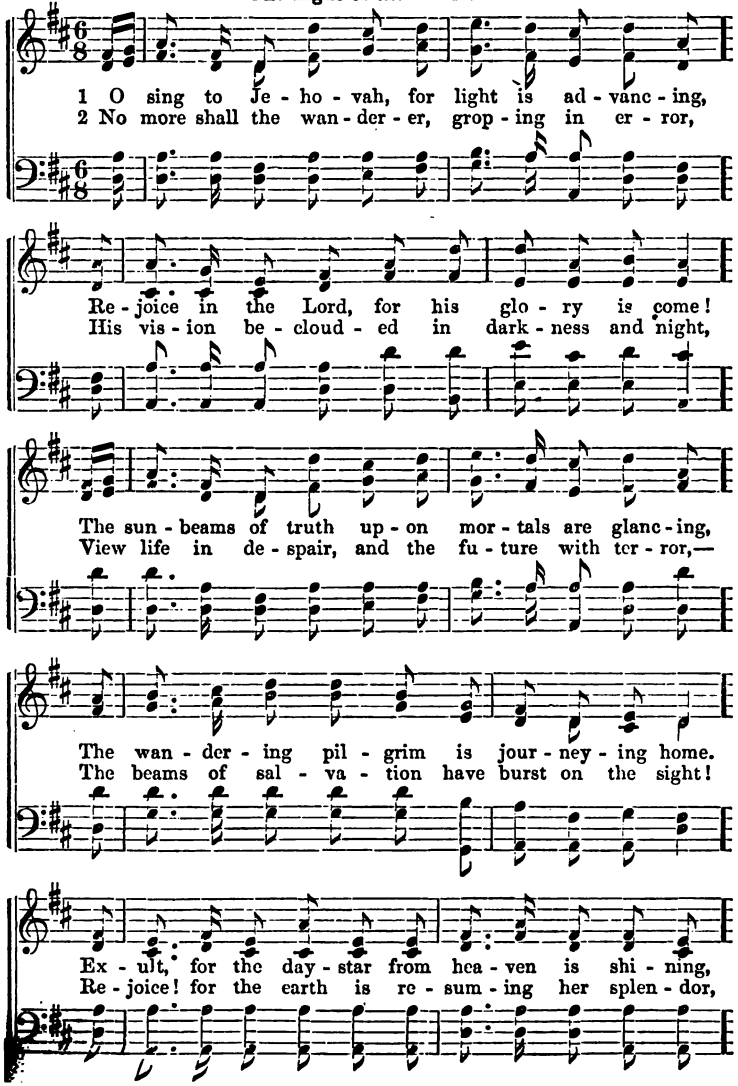
2 He calls us in these earthly ways
To choose his kindly guiding,
And they that early seek, he says,
Shall find his care abiding.
God's word is sure, &c.

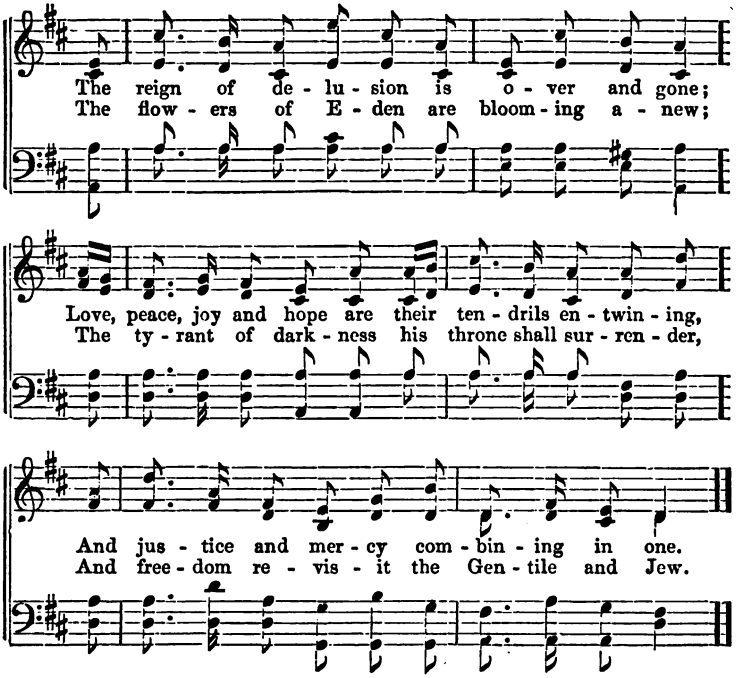
3 Shall we neglect this gracious call,
And leave it till the morrow,
And find, when pain and grief befall,
No comfort for our sorrow?
God's word is sure, &c.

4 O no! we'll bring in age or youth
Our service free and willing;
And prove how boundless is his truth,
How bounteous its fulfilling.
God's word is sure, &c.

TRUTH'S WELCOME. 10s & 11s M.

The Light of the World. Rev. A. A. Gralny.





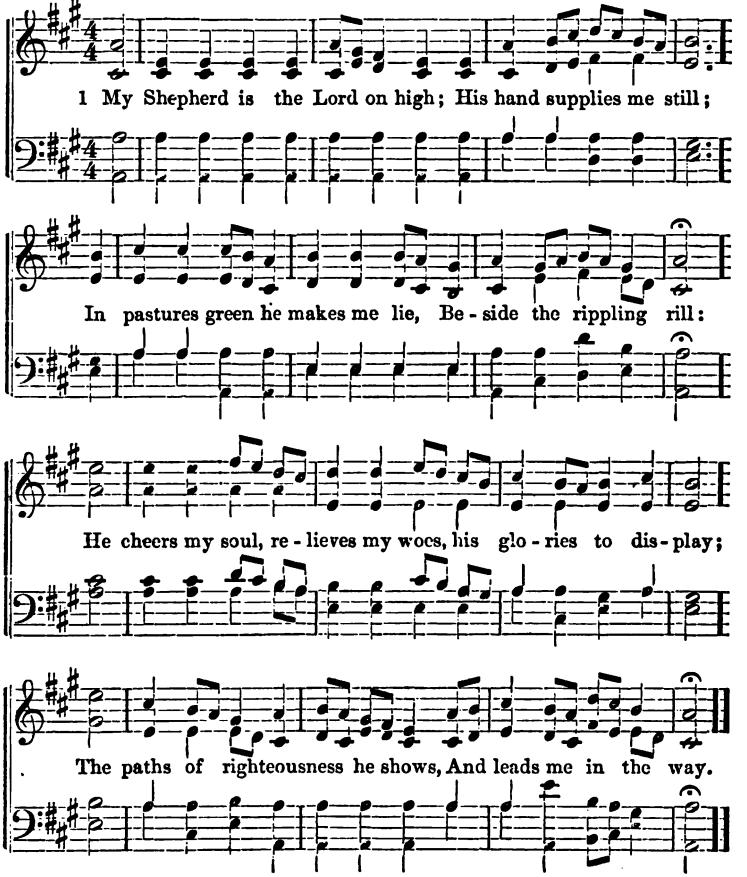
Christian Adoration.

1 O swell the loud pæan! be gratitude blended
With offerings of praise to the Infinite Love!
And laud ye the Father of him who ascended,
Through death and its gloom into glory above!
Adore him, ye people—ye aged and hoary—
Ye youthful and buoyant, his goodness recall;
Now lift up the soul to the "excellent glory"
Of God, the Creator and Saviour of all!

2 O come from the desert of darkness and error,
And dwell in the Eden of ransoming grace,
Now leave the dominions of doubting and terror,—
The truth of redemption, O gladly embrace.
All nature resplendently shadows around you,
The light and the halo of goodness divine!
Then burst from the fetters so long that have bound you,
To Christ and his freedom forever incline.

BOSTON. C. M. Double.

BILLINGS. Arranged by T. P. RYDER.

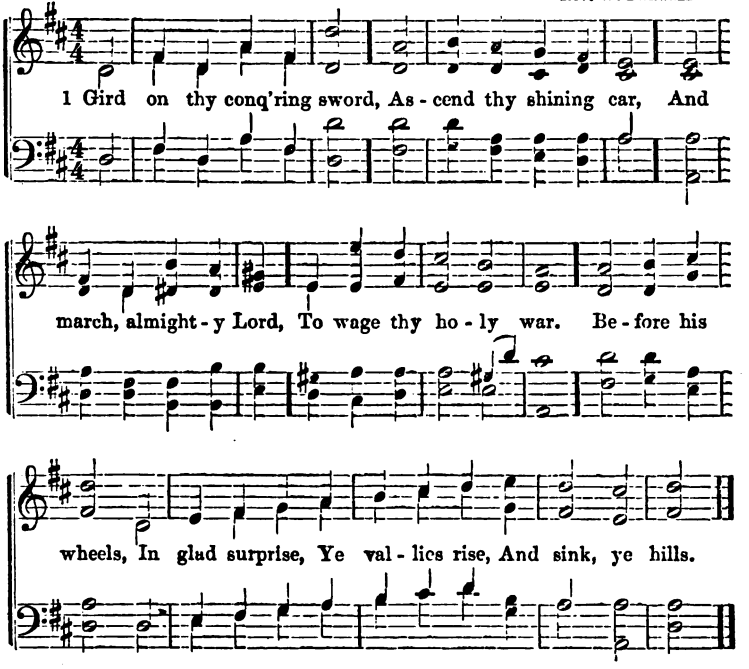


Psalm 23.

2 Tho' walking through death's dismal shade,
No evil will I fear;
Thy rod, thy staff shall lend me aid,
For thou art ever near:
For me a table thou dost spread
In presence of my foes;
With oil thou dost anoint my head;
By thee my cup o'erflows.

3 Thy goodness and thy mercy sure
Shall bless me all my days;
And I, with lips sincere and pure,
Will celebrate thy praise:
Yes, in the temple of the Lord
Forever I will dwell;
To after time thy name record,
And of thy glory tell.

Rev. W. Darwell.



The Heavenly Conqueror.

2 Before thy glorious face
Millions of foes shall fall,
The captives of thy grace—
The grace which conquers all.
The world shall know,
Great King of kings,
What wondrous things
Thine arm can do.

3 Here to my willing soul
Bend thy triumphant way;
Here every foe control,
And all thy power display.
My heart, my throne,
Blest Jesus, see,
Bows low to thee,
To thee alone.

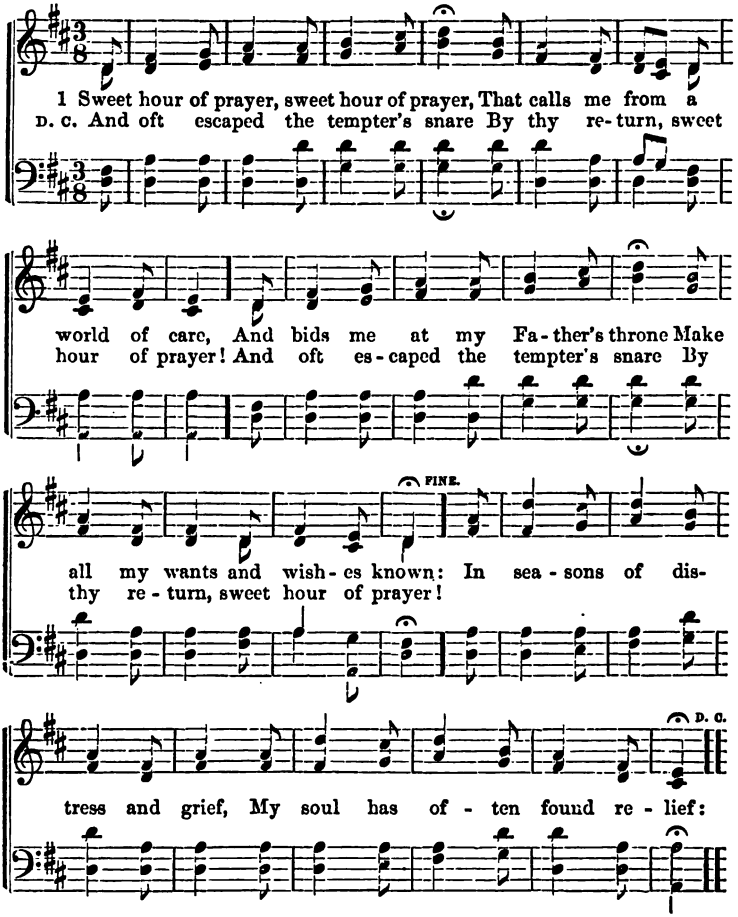
Praise.

1 Come, let our voices join
In one glad song of praise;
To God, the God of love,
Our thankful hearts we'll raise;
To God alone
All praise belongs,
Our earliest and
Our latest songs.

2 Ye heavens above proclaim
The wonders of his hand;
And earth from realm to realm
Acknowledge his command.
Justice and truth
Sustain his throne;
His name is
Excellent alone.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

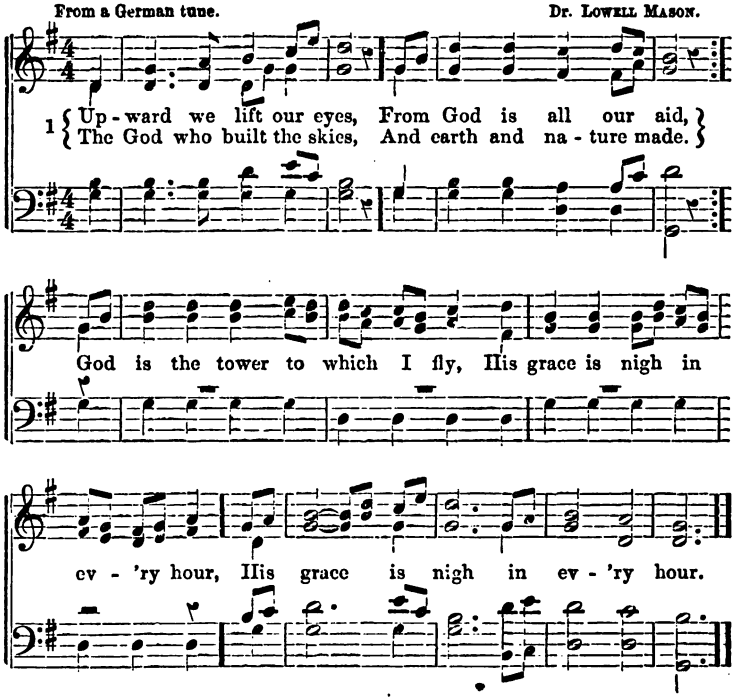
From "NEW GOLDEN CHAIN," by permission. WM. B. BRADBURY.



2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share;
Till from true faith's commanding height,
The land Immortal lies in sight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To share the heavenly home and prize,
And sing in sweeter accents there,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

From a German tune. Dr. Lowell Mason.



Safety in God.

2 My feet shall never slide,
Nor fall in fatal snares,
Since God my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes
That never sleep,
Shall Israel keep
When dangers rise.

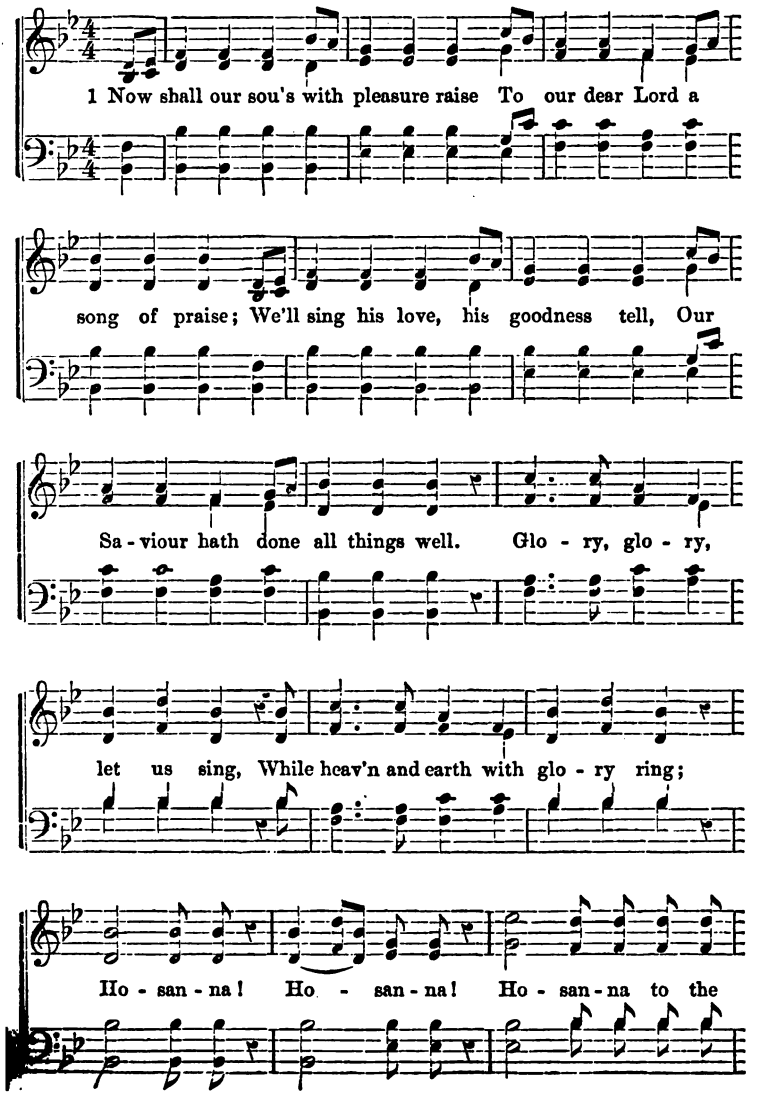
3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there:
Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.

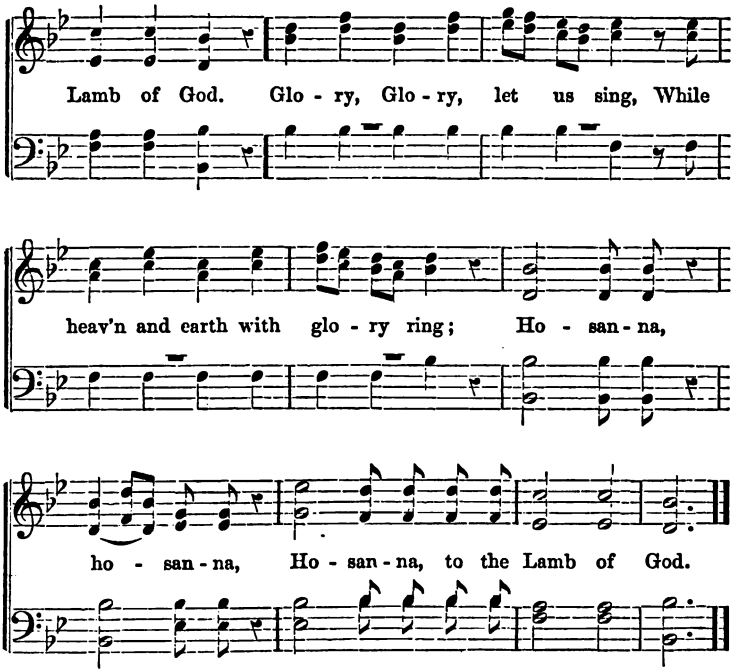
4 Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath.
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me home.

Doxology.

Glory to God on high!
Forever bless his name;
Let earth, and seas, and sky
His wondrous love proclaim;
To him be praise
And glory given
By all on earth,
And all in heaven.

TRIUMPH OF JESUS. L. M.





"He hath done all things well."

2 His work, how great! his plan how vast!
But when it all appears at last,
It will our highest praise excel;
For Jesus will do all things well.
Glory, glory, &c.

3 When the creation is restored,
And God shall be by all adored,
How loudly will the triumph swell,
Our Jesus hath done all things well.
Glory, glory, &c.

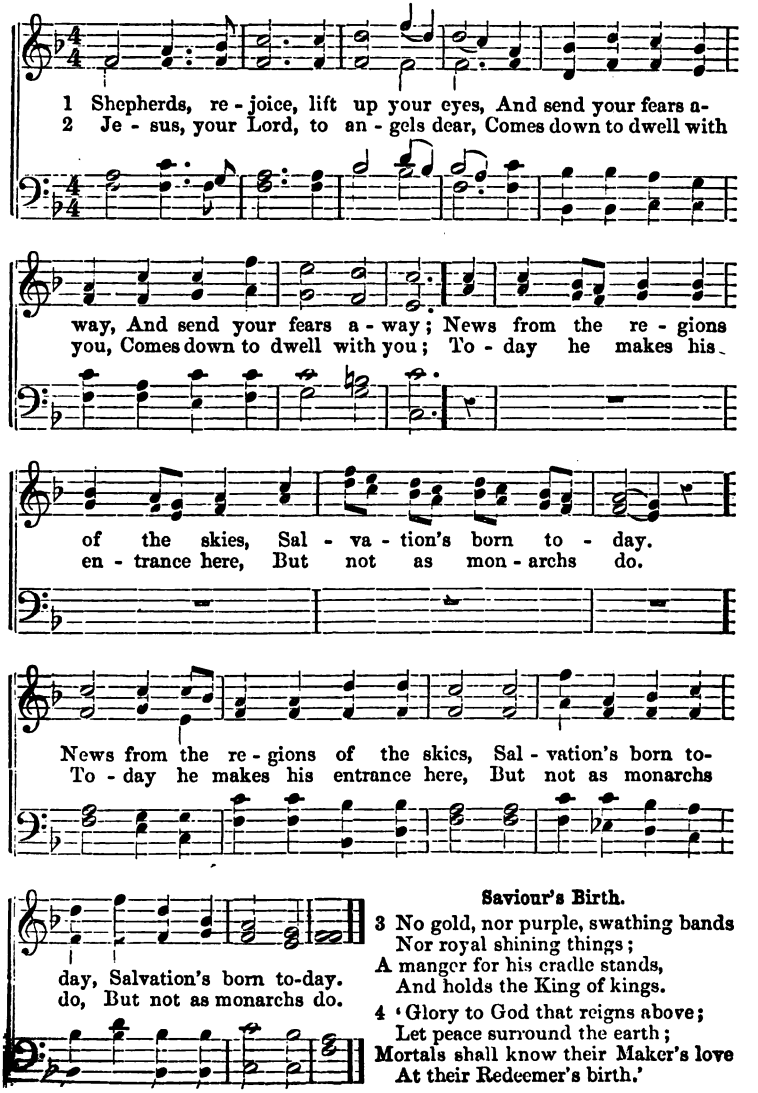
4 Sin, death, and hell, will Christ de-stroy,
And fill the universe with joy;
His love shall then each voice compel
To cry 'He hath done all things well.'
Glory, glory, &c.

Hosannas to Jesus.

1 Lo Salem's crowds in chorus sing
Hosanna to their promised King;
The Saviour comes! and babes proclaim
The royal honors of his name.
Glory, glory, &c.

2 His name from age to age shall rise
With wider, fuller symphonies,
Till all the earth's unnumber'd throng
Unite to swell the choral song:
Glory, glory, &c.

3 'Hosanna in the highest strains!
The mighty Son of David reigns!
All praise on earth to him be given,
And glory crown the song in heaven!'
Glory, glory, &c.

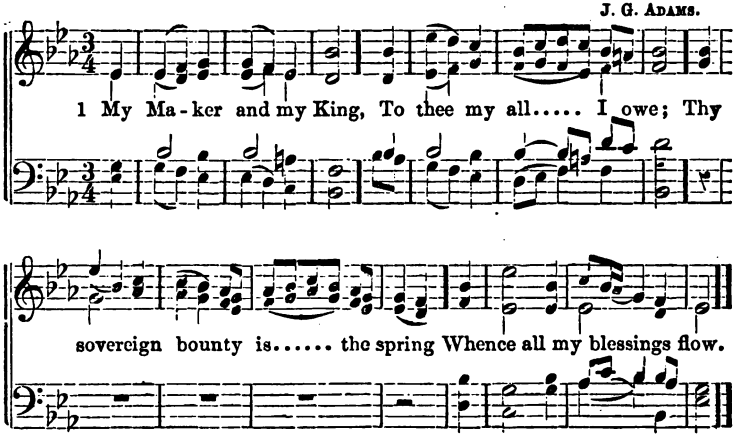


Saviour's Birth.

3 No gold, nor purple, swathing bands
Nor royal shining things;
A manger for his cradle stands,
And holds the King of kings.

4 'Glory to God that reigns above;
Let peace surround the earth;
Mortals shall know their Maker's love
At their Redeemer's birth.'

J. G. Adams.



God our All.

2 Thou ever good and kind,
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.

3 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live,
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than tongue can give.

4 O let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

Cast thy Burden upon the Lord.

1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, leave your burdens to the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 His bounty will provide;
Ye shall securely dwell;
The hand that bears creation up
Shall guard his children well.

3 O, why should anxious thought
Press down your weary mind?
Come, seek your Heavenly Father's face,
And peace and gladness find.

4 His goodness stands for all
Unchanged from day to day;
We'll drop our burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

Saviour's Birth.—(*Tune, opposite page.*)

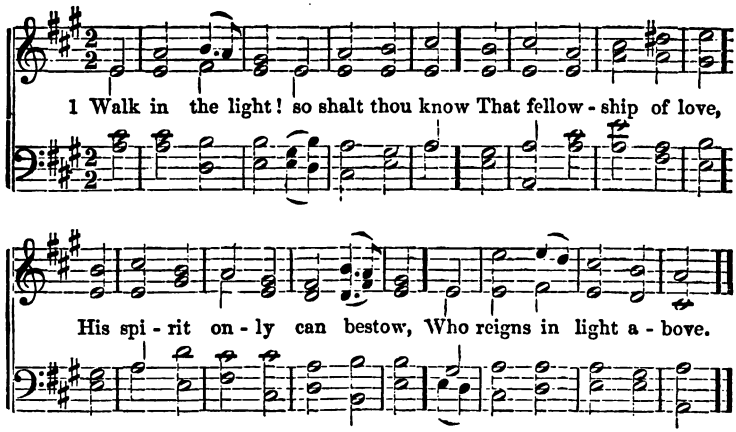
1 Now gird your patient loins again,
Your wasting torches trim!
The chief of all the sons of men,
Shall we not welcome him?

2 Fill all your courts with sacred songs,
And from the temple wall
Wave garlands o'er the joyful throngs
That crowd his festival!

3 And still more freshly in the mind
Store up the hopes sublime
Which then were born for all mankind,
So blessed was the time;

4 And, underneath these hallow'd eaves,
A Saviour will be born
In every heart that him receives,
On his triumphal morn.

MAGNUS. C. M.



Walking in Light.

2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

3 Walk in the light! and thine shall be
A path, though thorny,—bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light!

Evening Prayer.

1 As darker, darker, fall around
The shadows of the night,
We gather here, with hymn and prayer,
To seek the Eternal Light.

2 We pray thee for our absent ones,
Who have been with us here;
And in our secret heart we name
The distant and the dear.

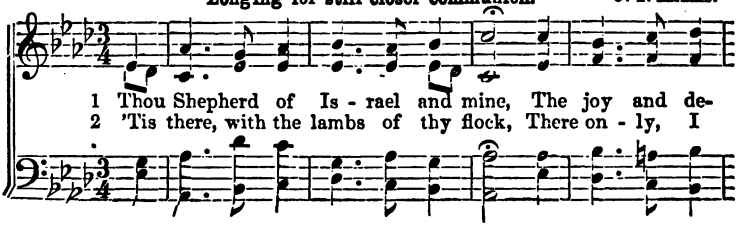
3 For weary eyes, and aching hearts,
And feet that from thee rove,
The sick, the poor, the tried, the fallen,
We pray thee, God of love!

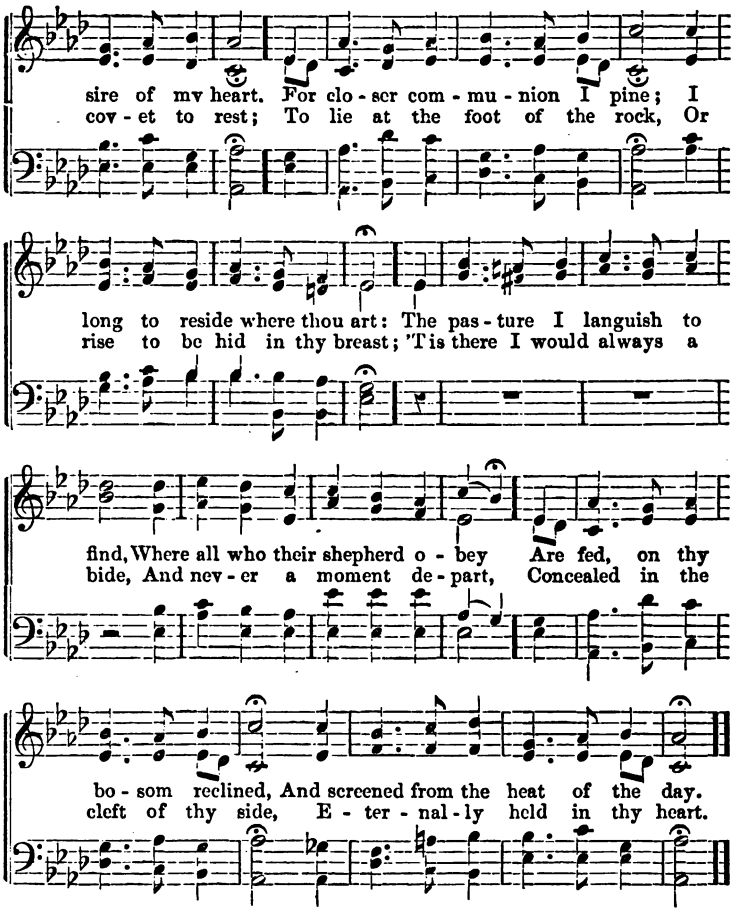
4 We pray thee for the little bark
Just launched upon life's sea;
Are not the depths of parent's love,
O Father! known to thee?

5 We bring to thee our hopes and fears,
And at thy footstool lay;
And, Father, thou who lovest all
Wilt hear us as we pray.

VERNON. 8s M.

Longing for still closer communion. J. T. Harris.





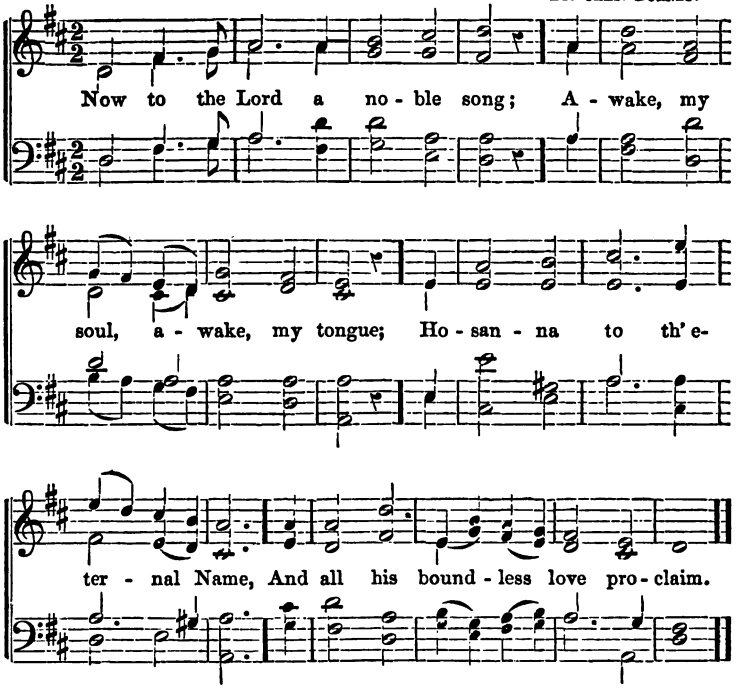
Evening; perfect Security.

1 A sov'reign Protector I have,
Unseen, yet forever at hand;
Unchangeably faithful to save,—
Almighty to rule and command.
Thy minist'ring spirits descend
To watch, while thy saints are asleep;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep.

2 Their worship no interval knows;
Their fervor is still on the wing:
And while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King.
I, too, at the season ordained,
Their chorus forever shall join;
And love and adore, without end,
Their faithful Creator and mine.

TRURO. L. M.

Dr. Chas. Burney.



1 Shout, for the great Redeemer reigns!
Through distant lands his triumph spread;
Forever firm his grace remains,
And light and truth around are shed.

2 O may his conquests still increase,
Till every knee in meekness bends,
And every heart enjoys the peace
Which all the joys of earth transcends.

3 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below and all above;
In songs of triumph laud his name,
In strains as lasting as his love.

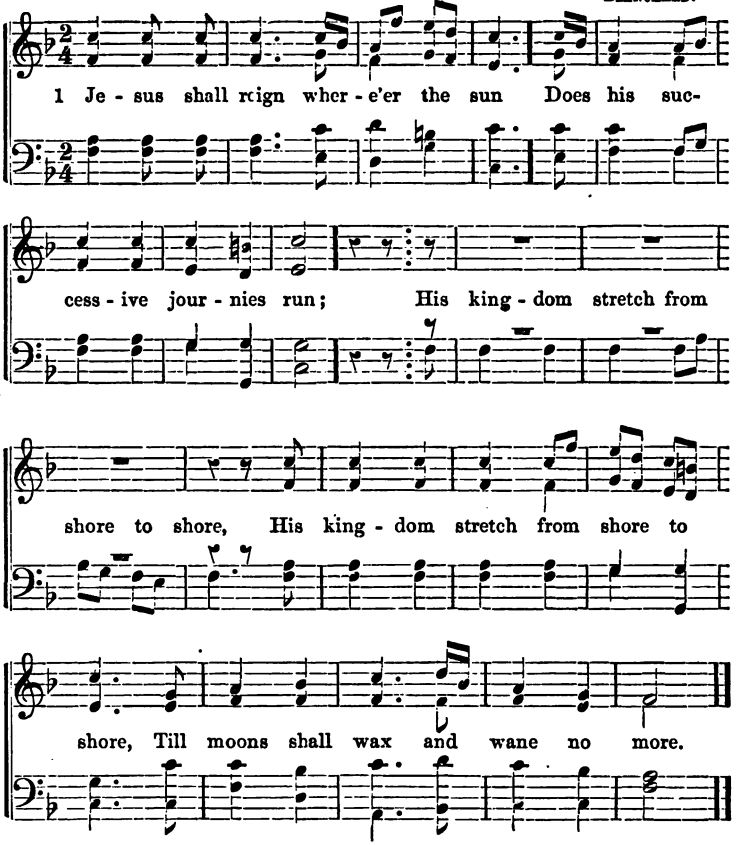
A World redeemed.

1 O bless our God, ye nations round;
Ye sons of men, adore his name;
Let shouts of joy through earth resound,
And every tongue his love proclaim.

2 Redemption claims the song of joy!
Loud thro' the land let triumph ring!
Let praise be our divine employ,
And pure the sacrifice we bring.

3 Low at the cross the world shall bow,
All nations shall its blessings prove,
And every kindred yet shall know
The mercies of redeeming love.

BLANCHARD.



Reign of Christ.

2 People and realms of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

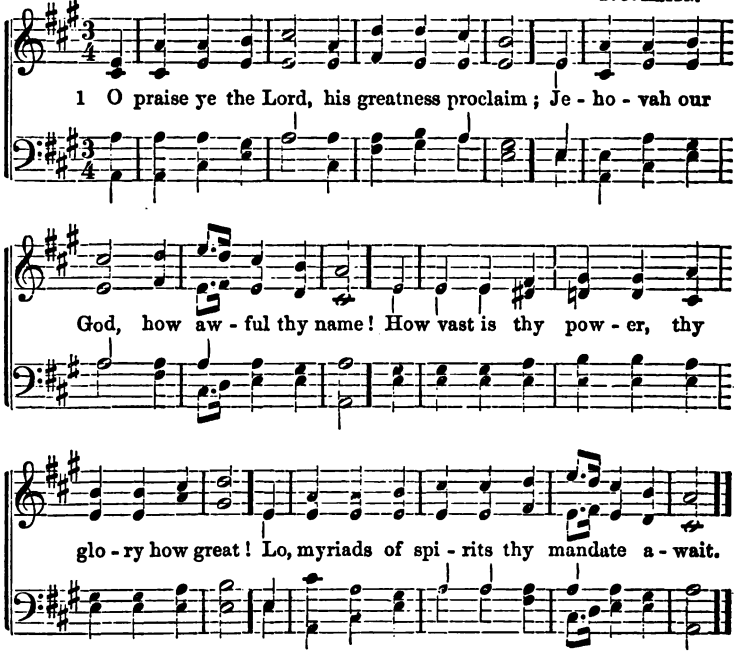
3 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

4 Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to their King,—
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

LYONS. 10s & 11s M.

F. J. HAYDN.



Praise the Lord.

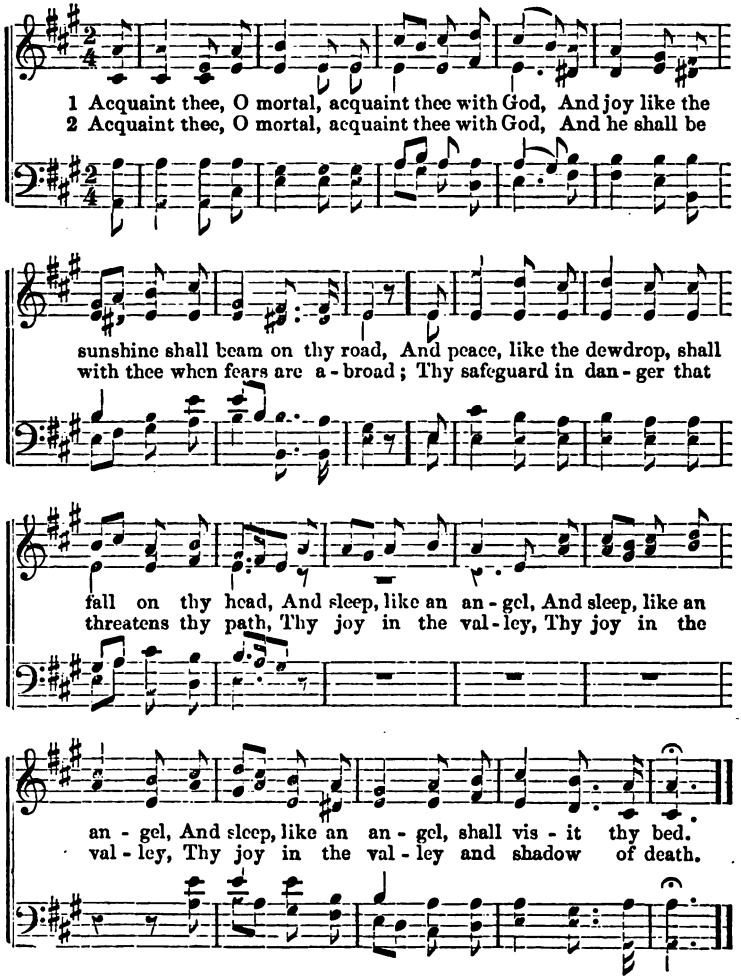
2 Thy canopy's heaven, in splendor so bright;
Thy chariot the clouds; thy garment the light;
The works of creation thy bidding perform;
Thou ridest the whirlwind, directest the storm.

3 What wisdom is shown, what power displayed,
In all that thy hand hath fashioned and made!
The earth full of richness, in beauty complete;
The fathomless ocean, with wonders replete.

God Glorious.

1 O, worship the King all glorious above,
And gratefully sing his wonderful love—
Our shield and defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor and girded with praise.

2 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite,
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

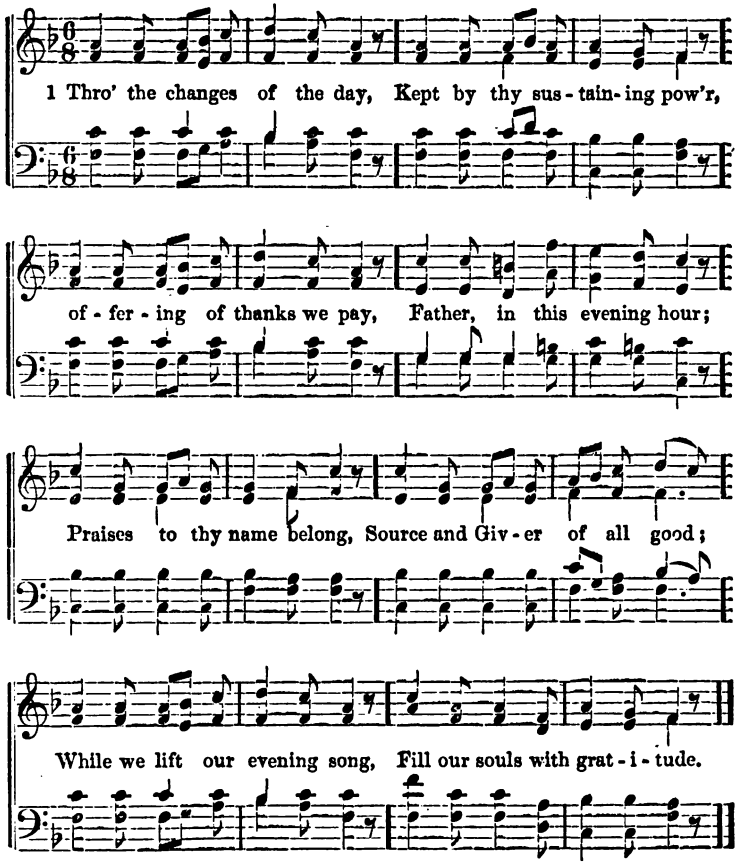


LYONS.—(Concluded from opposite page.)

3 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer and friend.

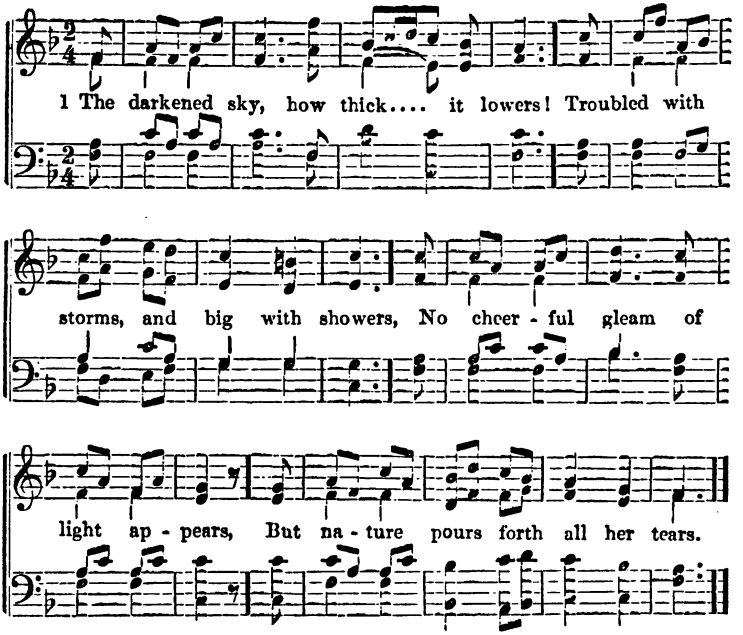
EVENING PRAISE. 7s M.

A. V. Hull.



Evening Praise.

2 From the dangers which have frowned,
From the snares in secret set,
We have, through thy mercy, found
Safety and deliverance yet.
Spirit, who hast been our Light,
And the Guardian of our way,
Let thy mercy and thy might
Keep us to another day.



Weeping Seed-time and Joyful Harvest.

2 But seeds of ecstacy unknown,
Are in these watered furrows sown;
See the green blades, how thick they rise
And with fresh verdure bless our eyes.

3 In secret foldings they contain
Unnumbered ears of golden grain;
And heav'n shall pour its beams around
Till the ripe harvest load the ground.

The same.

1 Come, blessed Spirit, source of light,
Whose pow'r and grace are unconfined;
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The deeper darkness of the mind.

2 To my illumined eyes display
The glorious truth thy words reveal,
That I may run the heavenly way,
And with delight perform thy will.

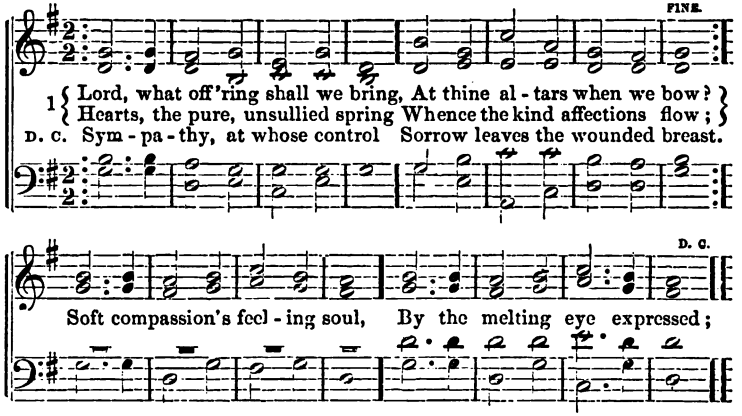
3 Thine inward teachings may I know,
The depths of thy redeeming love,
The vanity of things below,
And glory of the things above.

4 While thro' the maze of life I stray,
Spread like the sun thy beams abroad;
O show me wisdom's peaceful way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

5 Search thou my heart, and there destroy
Each evil thought, and secret sin;
And fit me for those realms of joy,
Where naught impure shall enter in.

CONVENT BELL. 7s M. Double.

SPANISH AIR.



The accepted Offering.

2 Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor;
Love, embracing all our kind;
Charity, with liberal store.

Teach us, O thou heavenly King!
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus the accepted offering bring,—
Love to thee and all mankind.

Lowly Praise.

1 Lord, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
Hear the praises of our race,
And, while hearing, let thy grace
Dews of sweet forgiveness pour;
While we know, benignant King,
That the praises which we bring
Are a worthless offering
Till thy blessing makes it more.

2 More of truth and more of might,
More of love and more of light,
More of reason and of right,
From thy pardoning grace be given.
It can make the humblest song
Sweet, acceptable, and strong
As the strains the angel's throng
Pour around the throne of heaven.

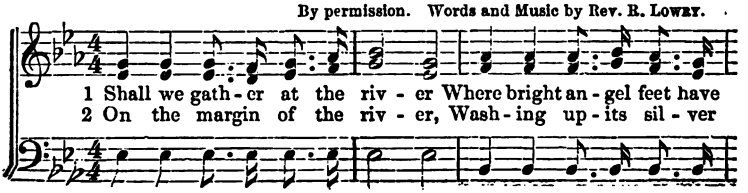
A Blessing desired.

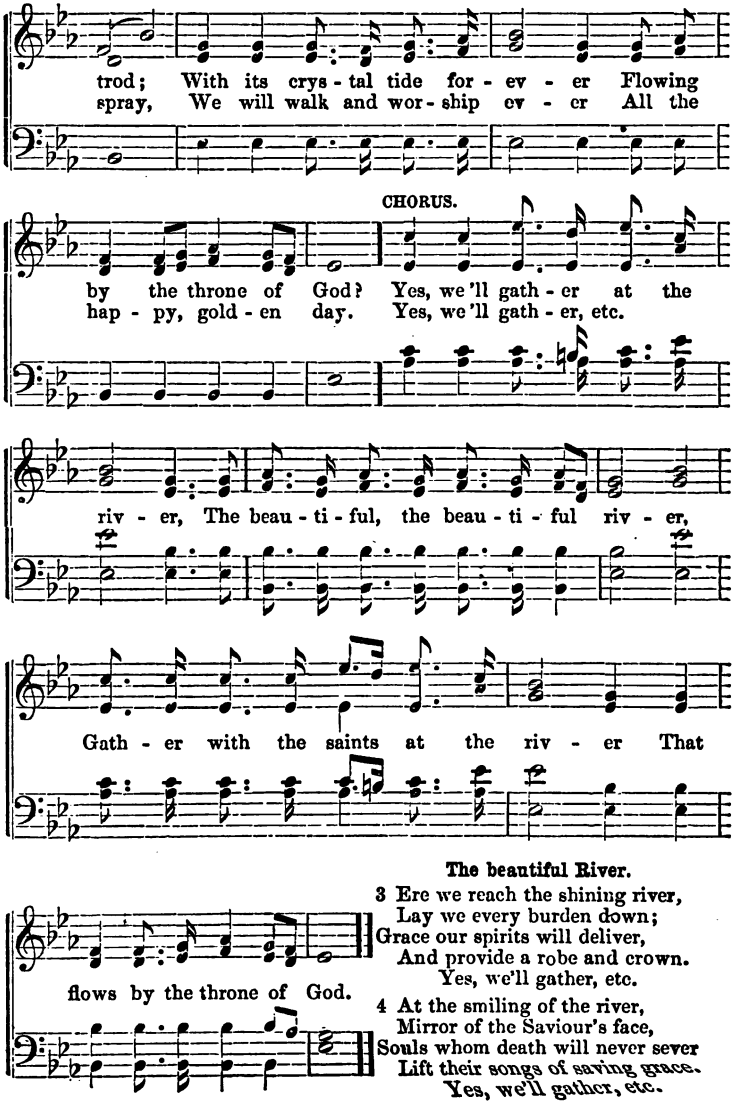
1 Father, bless thy word to all;
Quick and powerful let it prove:
Oh may sinners hear thy call!
Let thy people grow in love.

2 Thine own gracious message bless,—
Follow it with power divine;
Give the gospel great success:
Thine the work, the glory thine.

SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER?

By permission. Words and Music by Rev. R. LOWRY.





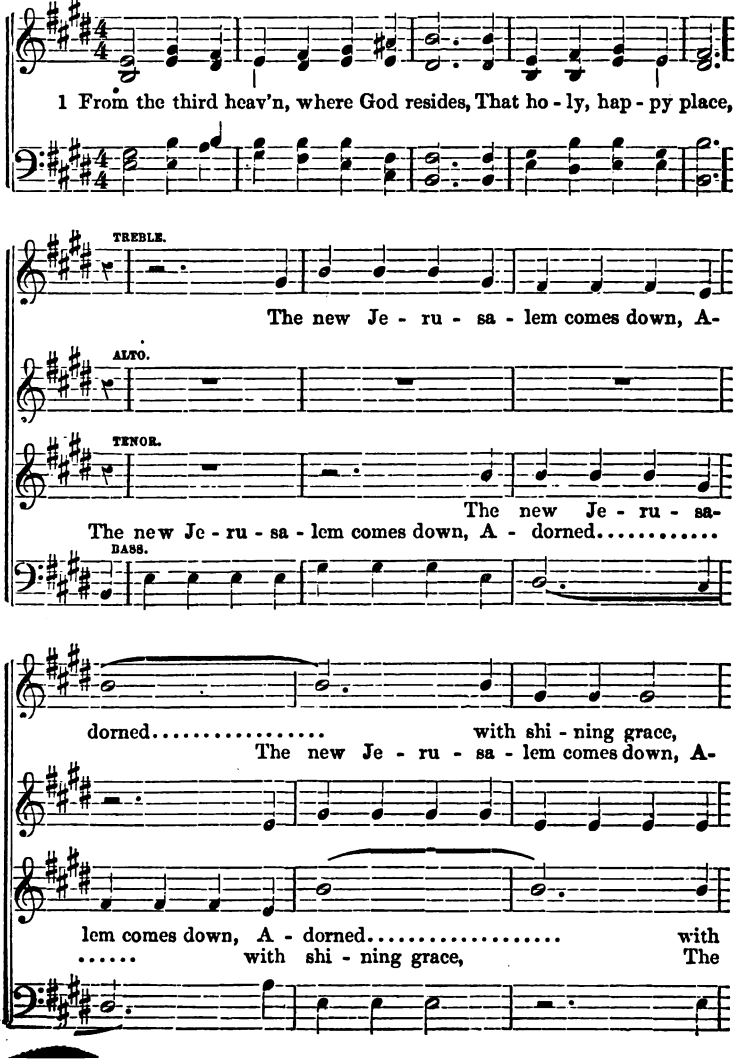
The beautiful River.

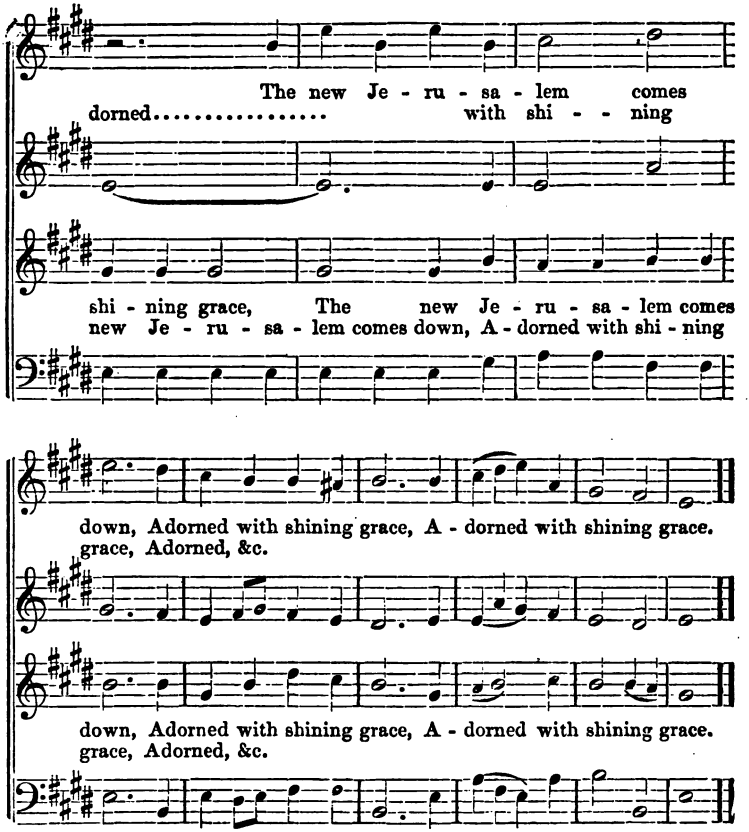
3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.
Yes, we'll gather, etc.

4 At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Souls whom death will never sever
Lift their songs of saving grace.
Yes, we'll gather, etc.

NEW JERUSALEM.

☞This is, perhaps, the sweetest of all the old tunes. Although it appears difficult, it may be easily used with a little practice.





2 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

3 The God of Glory down to men
Removes his blest abode,
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And he their loving God.

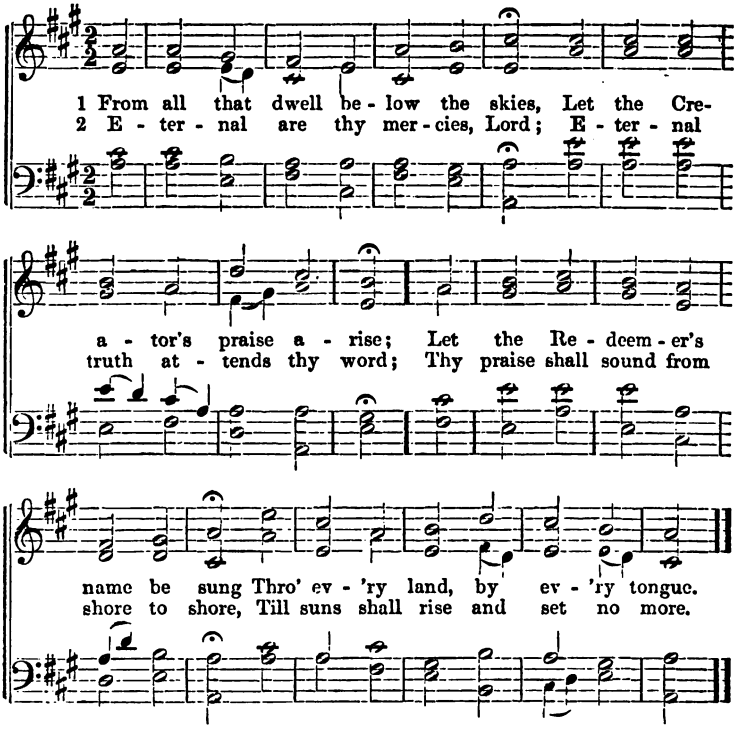
4 How long, dear Saviour, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay!
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day!

Strength in the Lord.

1 Thro' all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Oh! make but trial of his love;
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



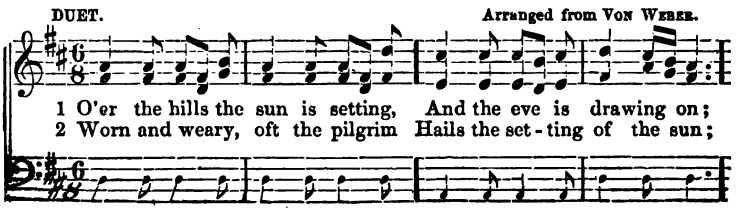
The Creation invited to praise God.

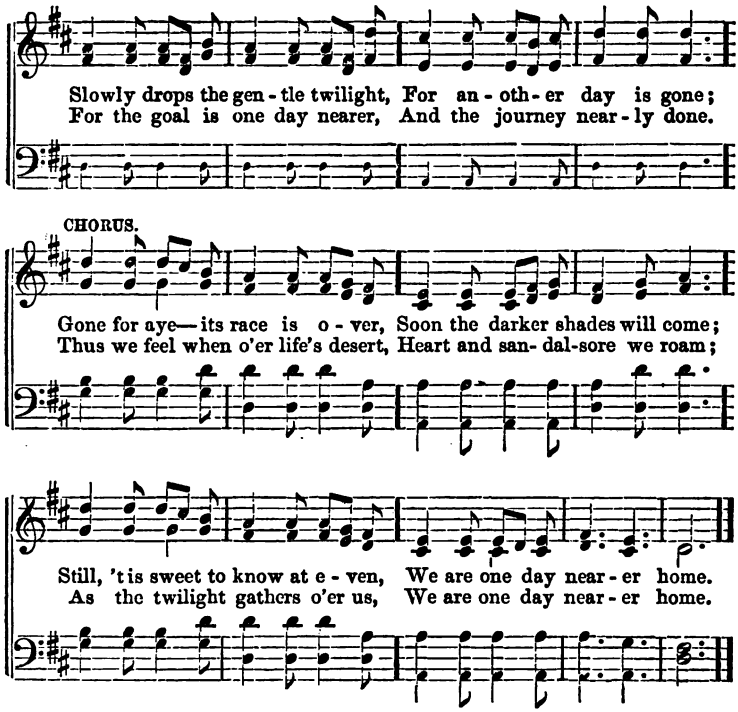
3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

4 In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong:
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

NEARER HOME. 8s & 7s M.

DUET. Arranged from Von Weber.





Nearer Home.

3 Nearer home! yes, one day nearer,
To our Father's house on high—
To the green fields and the fountains
Of the land beyond the sky.
For the heavens grow brighter o'er us
And the lamps hang in the dome,
And our tents are pitched still closer,
For we're one day nearer home.

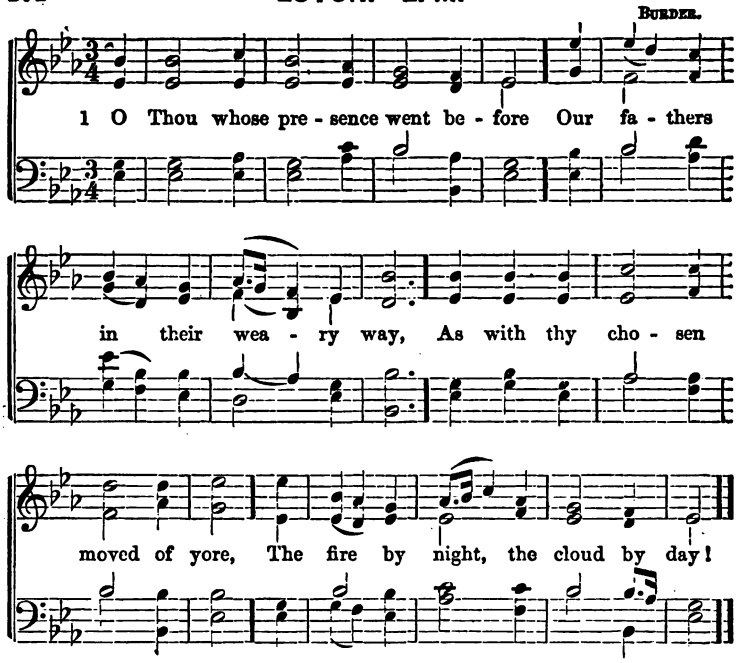
4 "One day nearer," sings the seaman,
As he glides the waters o'er,
While the light is softly dying
On his distant native shore.
Thus the Christian on life's ocean,
As his light boat cuts the foam,
In the evening cries with rapture—
"I am one day nearer home."

Dedication to God.

1 Holy Father, thou hast taught me
I should live to thee alone;
Year by year, thy hand hath bro't me
On through dangers oft unknown.
When I wandered thou hast found me;
When I doubted, sent me light;
Still thine arm has been around me
All my paths were in thy sight.

2 In the world will foes assail me,
Craftier, stronger far than I;
But thine aid will never fail me,
While on thee I shall rely.
Therefore, Lord, I come, believing
Thou canst give the power I need;
Through the prayer of faith receiving
Strength, the Spirit's strength indeed.

LUTON. L. M.



The Day of Freedom.

2 When, from each temple of the free,
A nation's song ascends to heaven,
Most holy Father, unto thee
Now let our humble prayer be given.

3 Sweet peace be here, and hope and love
Be round us as a mantle thrown,
As unto thee, supreme above,
The knee of prayer is bowed alone.

4 And grant, O Father! that the time
Of earth's deliverance may be near,
When every land and tongue and clime
The message of thy love shall hear;

5 When, smitten as with fire from heav'n,
The bondman's chain shall sink in dust,
And to his fettered soul be given
The glorious freedom of the just.

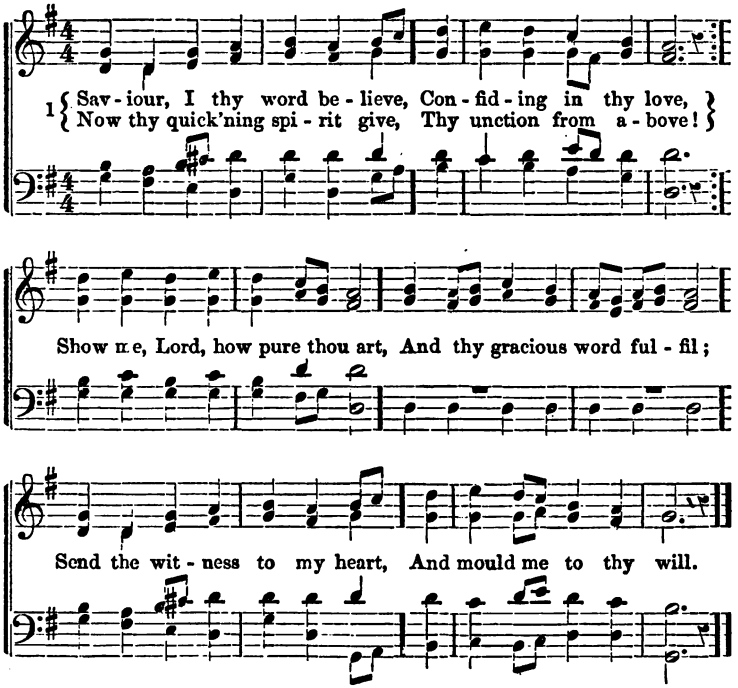
Army Hymn.

1 O Lord of hosts, Almighty King!
Behold the sacrifice we bring!
To every arm thy strength impart,
Thy spirit shed through every heart.

2 Wake in our breasts the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires:
Thy hand hath made our nation free;
To die for her is serving thee.

3 God of all nations, Sovereign Lord,
In thy dread name we draw the sword;
We lift the starry flag on high
That fills with light our stormy sky.

4 From treason's rent, from murder's stain,
Guard thou its folds till peace shall reign;
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,
Join our loud anthem, Praise to thee!



The Witness Desired.

2 Blessed Comforter, come down,
And live and move in me;
Make my every deed thine own,
In all things led by thee;
Bid all care and fear depart,
And within, O deign to dwell;
Faithful Witness, in my heart
Thy perfect light reveal.

3 Whom the world cannot receive,
O Lord reveal in me;
Son of God, I cease to live,
Unless I live to thee:
Make me choose the better part,
And thy holy word fulfil;
Dwell thou within my trusting heart,
And make thy love my will.

Christ's Reign.

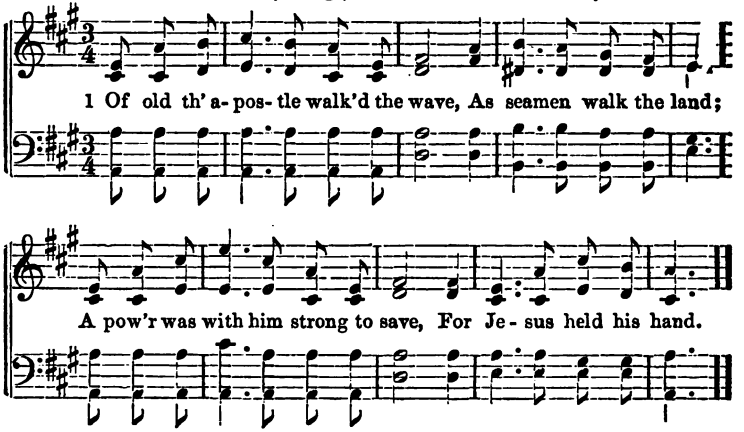
1 Saviour, whom our hearts adore,
To bless our earth again,
Now display thy saving power,
And o'er the nations reign.
Open thou the radiant scene,
Of thy triumph all divine,
That the gloomy reign of sin,
May evermore decline.

2 Universal Saviour! thou
Wilt all thy creatures bless;
Every knee to thee shall bow,
And every tongue confess.
None shall in thy mount destroy,—
Sin defile the earth no more,—
Angels shall be filled with joy,
And all mankind adore.

FATHER, HOLD MY HAND. C. M.

By permission of Root & Cady, Chicago, Ill.

By G. F. Root.



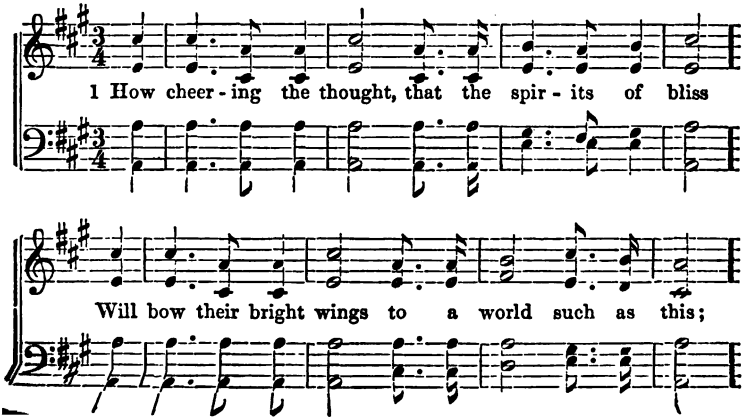
Father, hold my Hand.

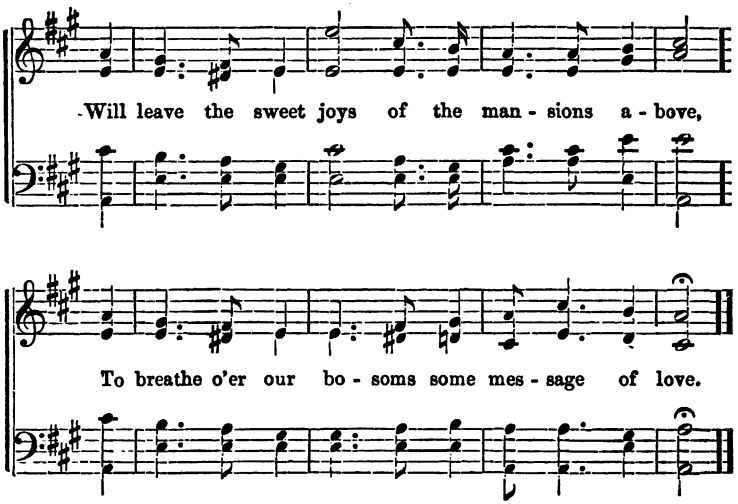
2 Why should I fear when danger's near?
I'm safe on sea or land;
For I've in heaven a Father dear,
And he will hold my hand.

3 Though on a dizzy height, perchance,
With faltering step I stand,
No fear shall dim my upward glance,
For God will hold my hand.

4 But O, if doubt should cloud my day,
And sin beside me stand,
Then firmest, lest I lose my way,
My Father, hold my hand!

HEAVENLY MINISTRIES. IIs M.





Ministering Spirits.

2 They come, on the wings of the morning—they come
Impatient to lead some poor wanderer home;
Some pilgrim to snatch from this stormy abode,
And lay him to rest in the arms of his God.

3 They come when we wander, they come when we pray
In mercy to guard us wherever we stray;
A glorious cloud, their bright witness is given;
Encircling us here are these angels of heaven.

The Way of the Cross.

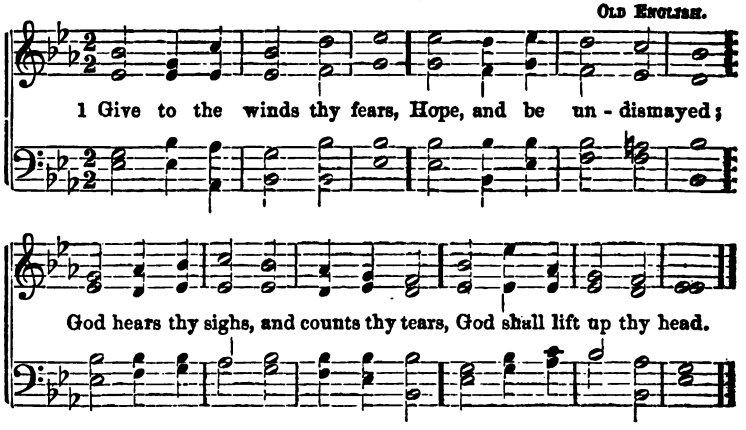
1 I thought that the course of the pilgrim to Heaven
Was bright as the summer, and glad as the morn;
Thou showedst me the path; it was dark and uneven,
All rugged with rock, and all tangled with thorn.

2 I dreamed of celestial rewards and renown;
I grasped at the triumph that blesses the brave;
I asked for the palm-branch, the robe, and the crown;
I asked,—and thou showedst me a cross and a grave.

3 Subdued and instructed, at last, to thy will
My hopes and my wishes, my all, I resign;
O give me a heart that can wait and be still,
Nor know of a wish or a pleasure but thine!

DOVER. S. M.

Old English.



Hope thou in God.

2 Thro' waves and clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought,
That caused thy needless fear.

4 What though thou rulest not;
Yet heaven and earth and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

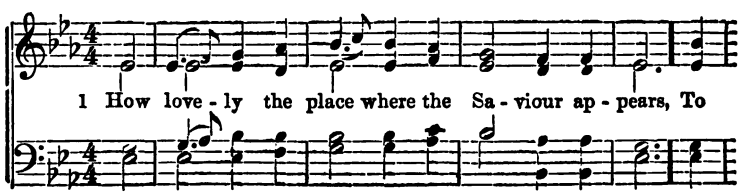
Bless the Lord, ye Saints.

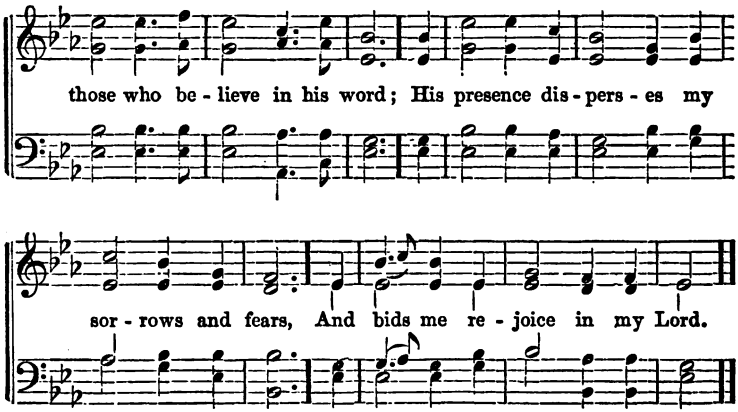
1 Stand up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice,—
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud and magnify?

3 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed,
With all our ransomed powers.

WORSHIP.





The Place of Worship.

2 A day in his courts than a thousand beside,
Is better and lovelier far,—
My soul hates the tents where the wicked reside,
And all their delights I abhor.

3 Lord! give me a place with the humblest of saints,
For low at thy feet I would lie;
I know that thou hearest my feeble complaints;
Thou hearest the young raven's cry.

4 Give strength to the souls that now wait upon thee,
O! come in thy chariot of love;
From earth's vain enchantments O! help us to flee,
And to set our affections above.

Adoration and Praise.

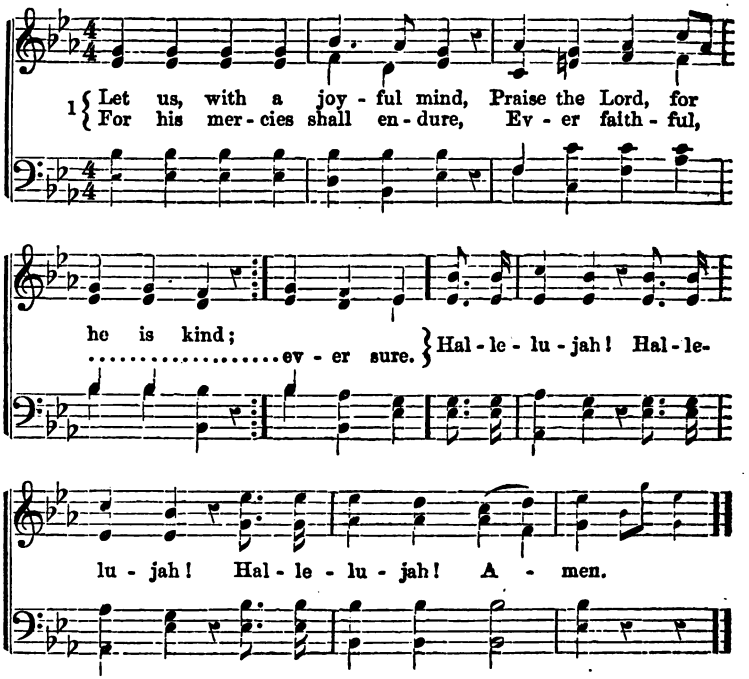
1 In songs of sublime adoration and praise,
Ye pilgrims, for Zion who press,
Break forth, and extol the great Ancient of Days,
His rich and distinguishing grace.

2 His love, from eternity, fixed upon you,
Broke forth, and discovered its flame,
When each, with the cords of his kindness, he drew,
And brought you to love his great name.

3 All glory then give to his wonderful name;
To him all the glory belongs;
Be yours the high joy still to sound forth his fame,
And crown him in each of your songs.

LET US WITH A JOYFUL MIND. 7s M.

Arr. from Mozart, by B. Cull.



Joyful Homage.

2 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
Hallelujah! Amen.

3 All things living he doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
Hallelujah! Amen.

4 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
Hallelujah! Amen.

The Same.

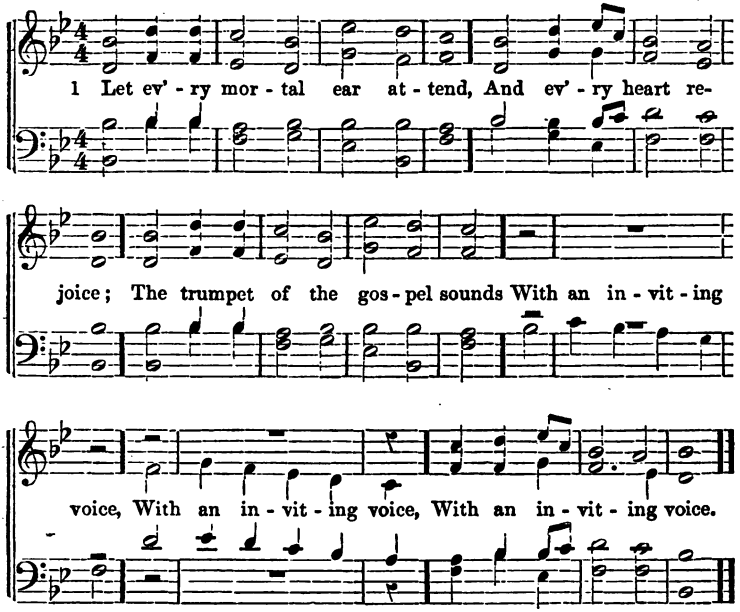
1 Glory be to God on high,—
God, whose glory fills the sky!
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of heaven!
Hallelujah! Amen.

2 Favored mortals, raise the song;
Endless thanks to God belong;
Hearts, o'erflowing with his praise,
Join the hymns your voices raise.
Hallelujah! Amen.

3 Mark the wonders of his hand;
Power, no empire can withstand;
Wisdom, angels' glorious theme;
Goodness, one eternal stream!
Hallelujah! Amen.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

Dr. RANDALL.



The Invitation.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind,—

3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,— [thirst,
Here you may quench your raging
With springs that never dry.

5 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

Create in me a Clean Heart.

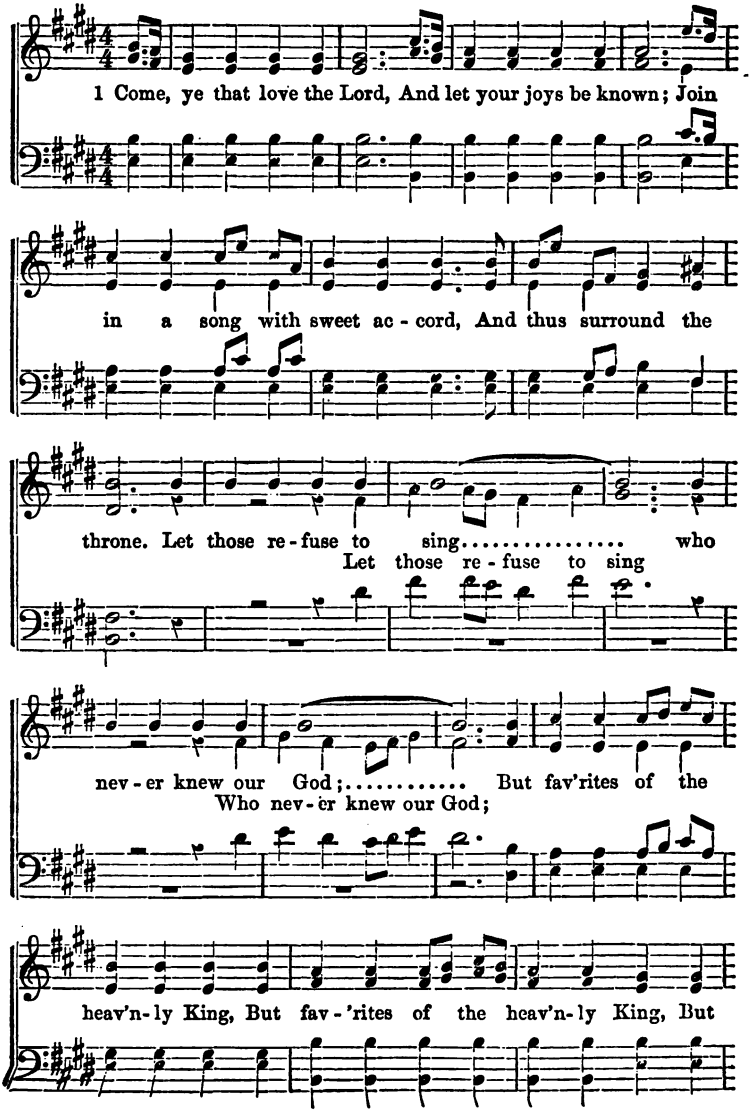
1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels how good,
Thou, Lord, hast been to me!

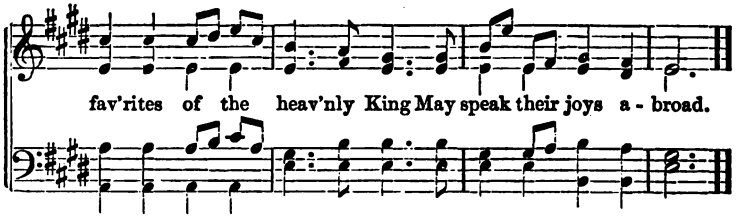
2 O for an humble, trustful heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
For Him who dwells within;—

3 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
Conformed, O Lord, to thine!

4 Thy temper, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
O, write thy name upon my heart,
Thy name, O God, is love.

ZION'S HILL. S. M.



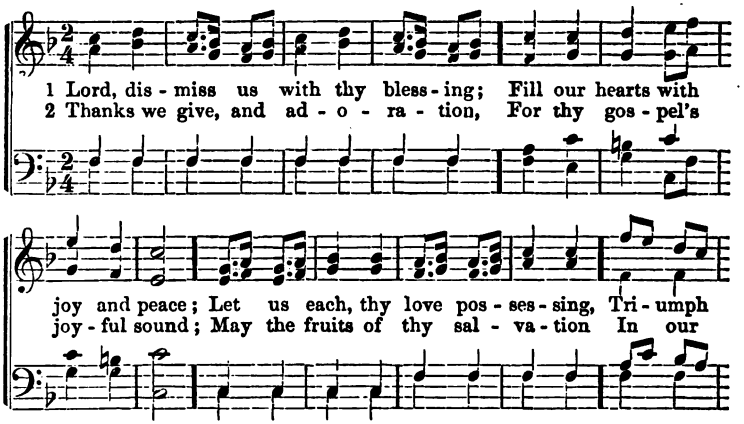


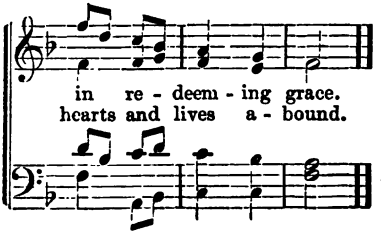
2 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

DISMISSION. 8s & 7s M.

Sicilian.





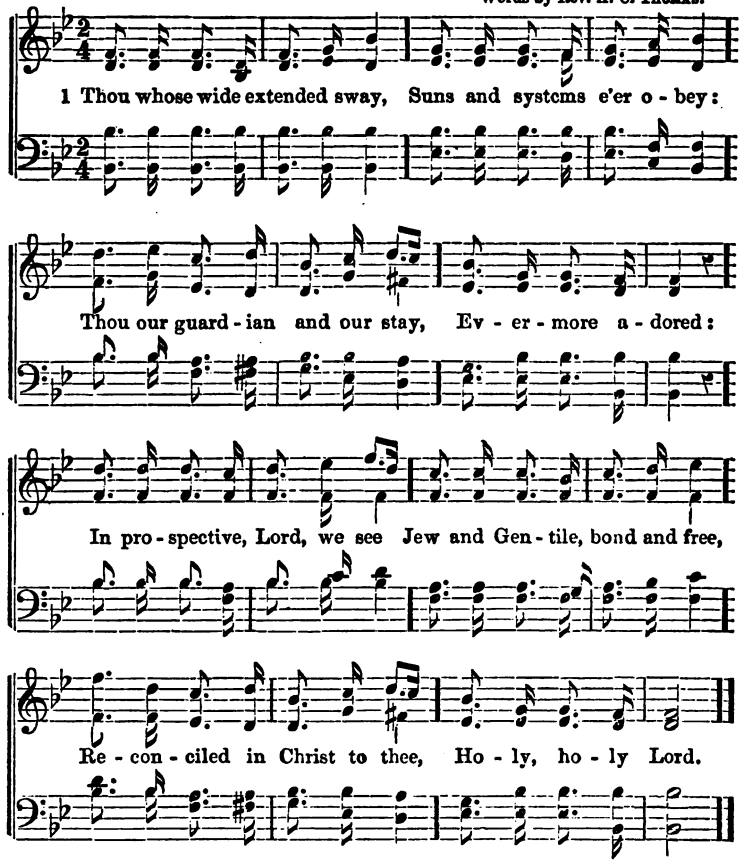
Dismission.

1 God of our salvation, hear us;
Bless, O bless us, ere we go;
When we join the world be near us,
Lest we cold and careless grow.

2 As our steps are drawing nearer
To our everlasting home,
May our view of heaven grow clearer,
Hopes more bright of joys to come.

BANNOCKBURN. 7s & 5s M.

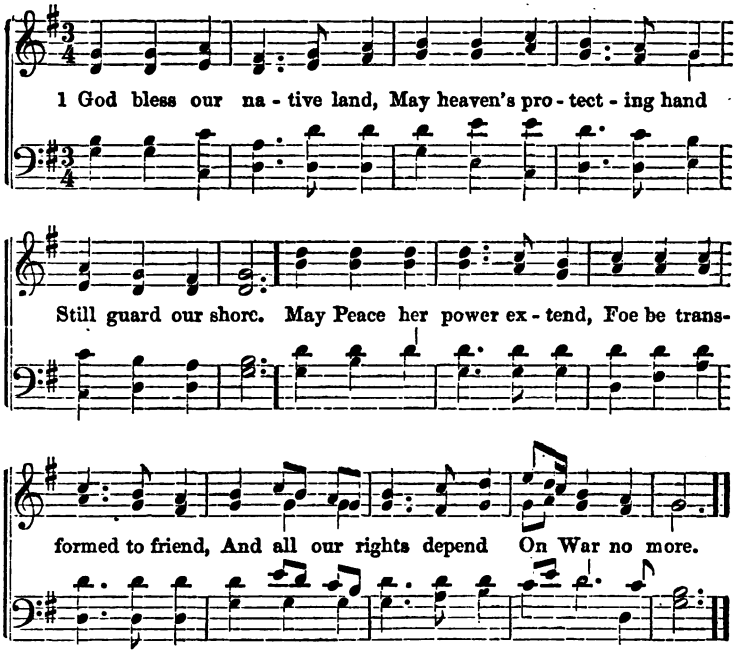
Words by Rev. A. C. Thomas.



The Reconciliation.

2 Thou by all shalt be confessed,
Ever blessing, ever blest,
When, to thy eternal rest,
In the courts above,
Thou shalt bring the sore oppressed,
Fill each joy-desiring breast,
Make of each a welcome guest,
At the feast of love.

3 When destroying death shall die,
Hushed be every rising sigh,
Tears be wiped from every eye,
Never more to fall;
Then shall praises fill the sky,
And angelic hosts shall cry,
Holy, Holy, Lord Most High,
Thou art all in all!



2 May just and righteous laws
Uphold the public cause,
And bless our name;
Home of the brave and free,
Stronghold of Liberty—
We pray that still on thee
There be no stain.

3 And not this land alone,
But be thy mercies known
From shore to shore;
Lord, make the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family,
The wide world o'er.

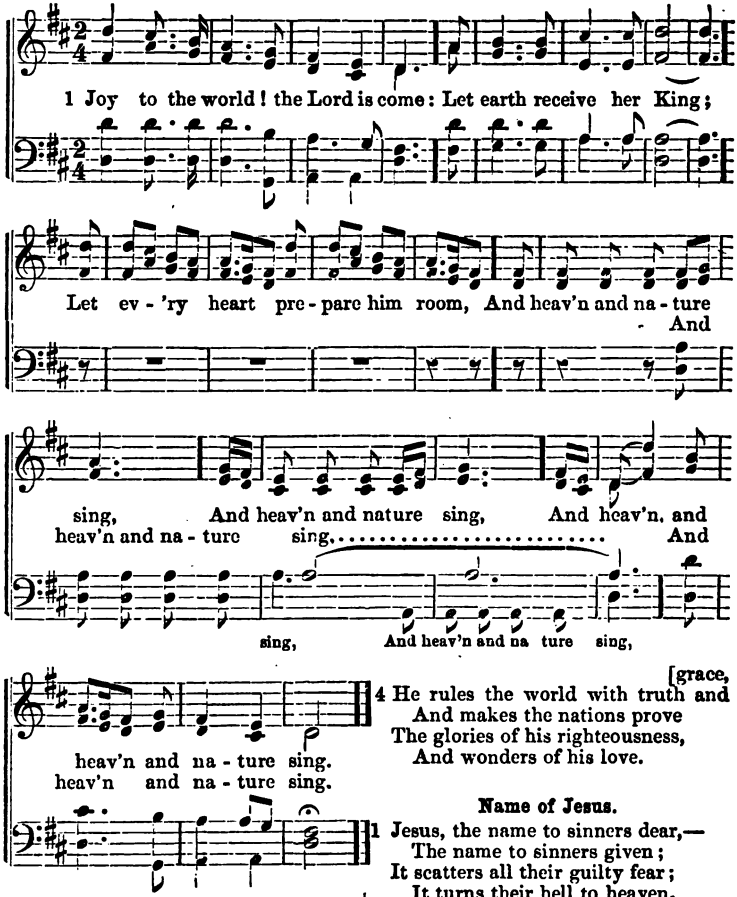
Christian Freedom.

God of our fathers' land!
Long may our temples stand
Sacred to thee!
Let thy bright light divine
On all the people shine,
Make us forever thine,
From sin set free!

Reconciliation.—(Tune opposite.)

God of light, and life and love,
Thou dost thy rich mercy prove,
Sending from the courts above,
Jesus thy dear Son;
Thine the promise made before,
His the mission to restore,
Ours the blessing evermore,
When the work is done!

ANTIOCH. C. M.



Welcome to the Messiah.

2 Joy to the earth—the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields, and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

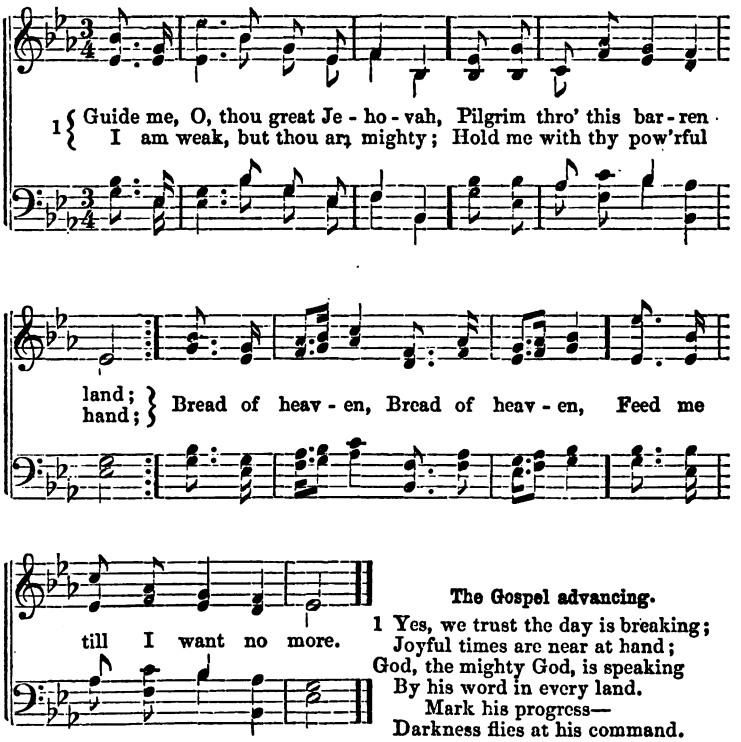
Name of Jesus.

1 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,—
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

2 Oh, that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

3 O for this love let rocks in songs
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues,
The Saviour's praises speak!

LOCKHART.



The Pilgrim's Prayer.

2 Open thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through.
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my Strength and Shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

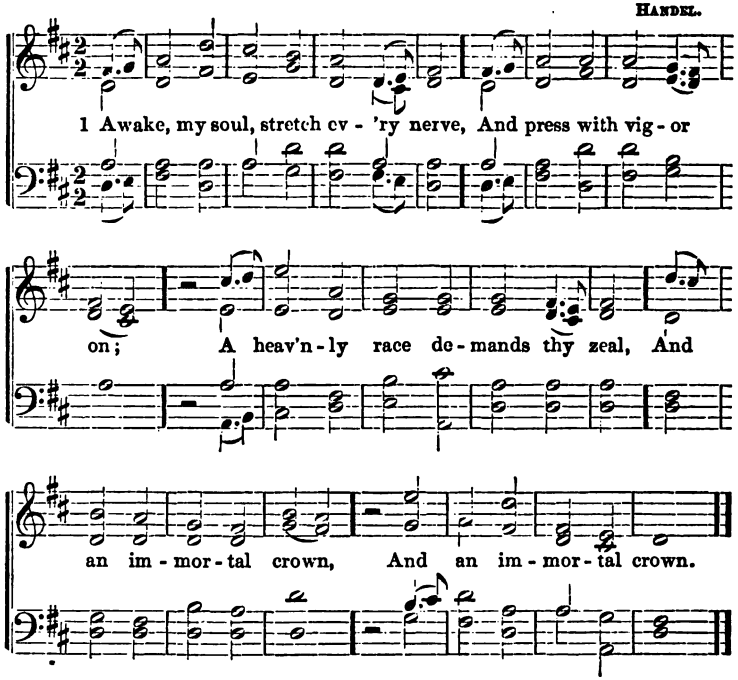
The Gospel advancing.

1 Yes, we trust the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand;
God, the mighty God, is speaking
By his word in every land.
Mark his progress—
Darkness flies at his command.

2 While the foe becomes more daring,
While he "enters like a flood,"
God the Saviour is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad.
Every language
Soon shall tell the love of God.

3 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand;
Let thy gospel be victorious
Through the world, in every land;
Let the idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command.

HANDEL.



Awake, my Soul.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high!
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victor's wreaths and monarch's gems
Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

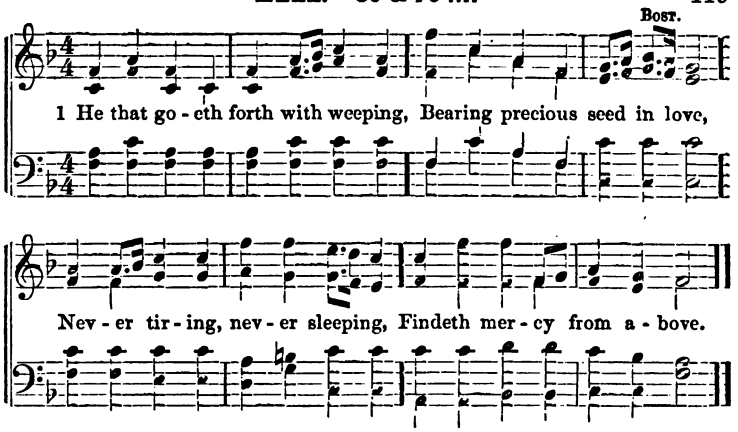
My Redeemer lives.

1 I know that my Redeemer lives,
And ever lives for me;
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.

2 I find him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
His love dispels my fear.

3 He wills that I should holy be;
What can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfil.

4 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.



Sowing and Reaping.

2 Soft descend the dews of heaven;
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given,
Through the influence all divine.

3 Sow thy seed; be never weary;
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

4 Lo! the scene of verdure brightening,
In the rising grain appear;
Look again; the fields are whitening,
For the harvest time is near.

Stayed on God.

1 Quiet as a peaceful river,
Quiet as the wind-hushed seas,
In the Eternal trusting ever,
We are kept in perfect peace.

2 Deep beneath the warring ocean,
Deep beneath the howling flood,
All unmoved by its commotion,
Lie the promises of God.

3 We are anchored firmly to them,
Though in tatters hang our shrouds,
Calmly we look up, and through them
View the thunder-riven clouds.

4 This our constant heart consoleth,
And we will not be afraid;—
God, our heavenly Father ruleth,
All our hope on him is stayed.

God is Love.

1 God is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he makes, and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

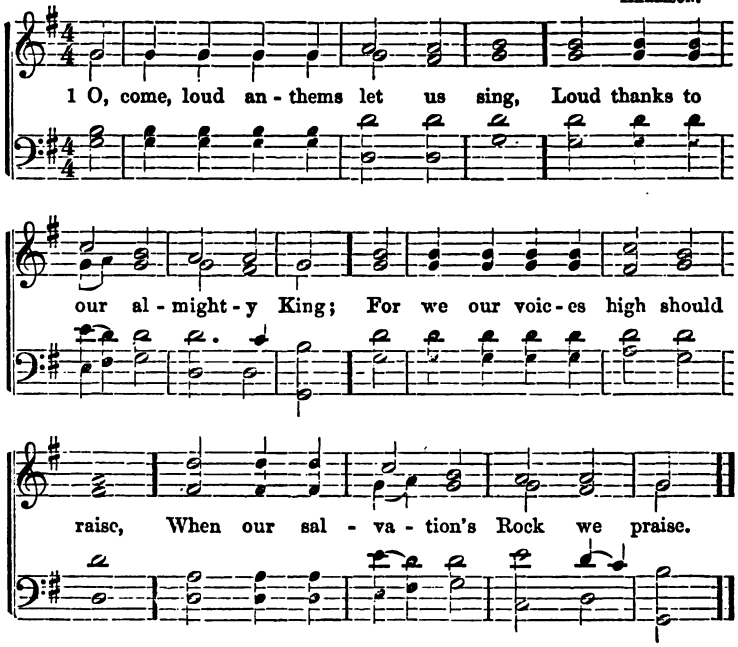
2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth,
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Home and comforts from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

STERLING. L. M.

HARRISON.



Praise.

2 Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favors past;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.

3 For God the Lord, enthroned in state,
Is with unrivalled glory great—
A King superior far to all—
Whom by his title God we call.

4 Oh, let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees devoutly, all,
Before the Lord our Maker, fall.

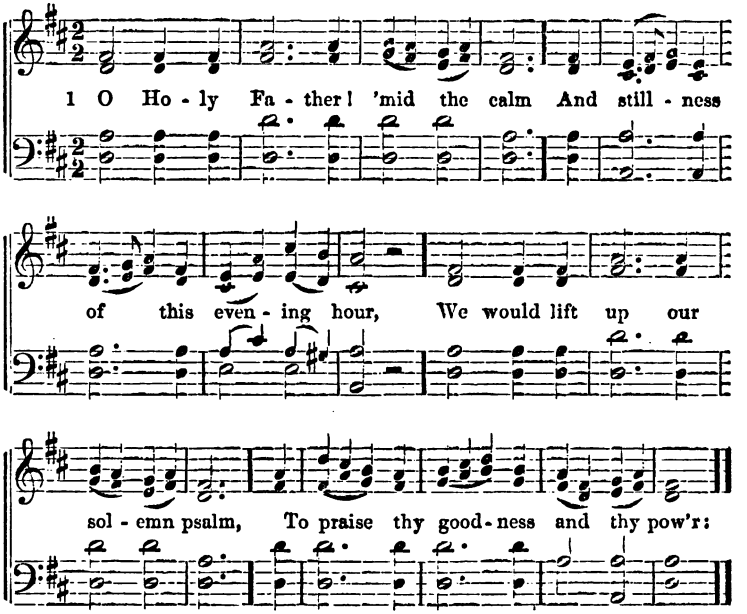
Vesper Hymn.

1 Again, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

2 May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care!

3 O God, our light! to thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest thou;
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

4 Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell!



Evening Hymn.

2 For over us and over all,
Thy tender mercies still extend,
Nor vainly shall thy children call
On thee, our Father and our Friend!

3 Kept by thy goodness thro' the day,
Thanksgiving to thy name we pour;
Night o'er us, with its stars, we pray
Thy love to guard us evermore!

4 In grief console; in gladness bless;
In darkness guide; in sickness cheer:
Till, perfected in righteousness,
Before thy throne our souls appear!

The Night light about me.

1 Sun of my soul, forever near!
It is not night, if thou be here;
O, may no earthborn cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

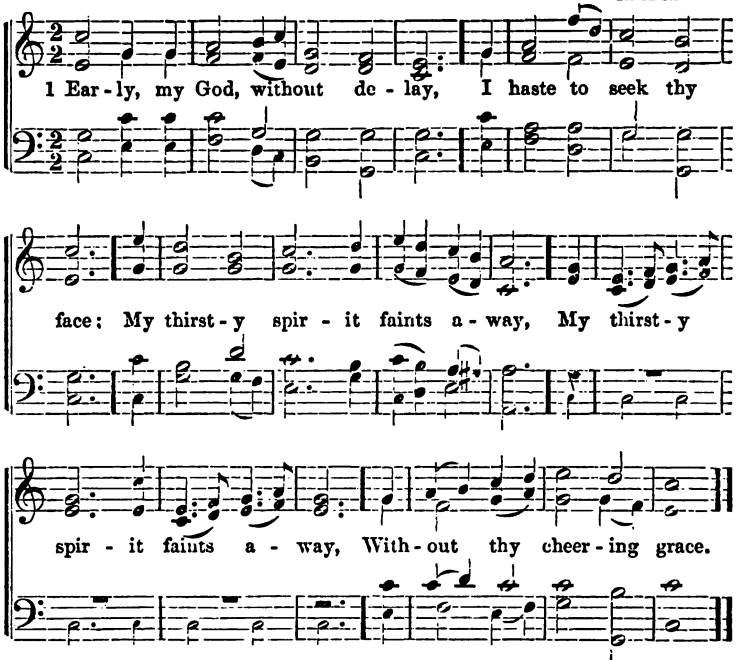
2 When round thy wondrous works below
My searching rapturous glance I throw,
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except I all in thee discern.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere thro' the world our way we take;
Till, in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

LANESBORO'. C. M.

ENGLISH.



Seeking God.

2 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

3 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

4 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

5 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

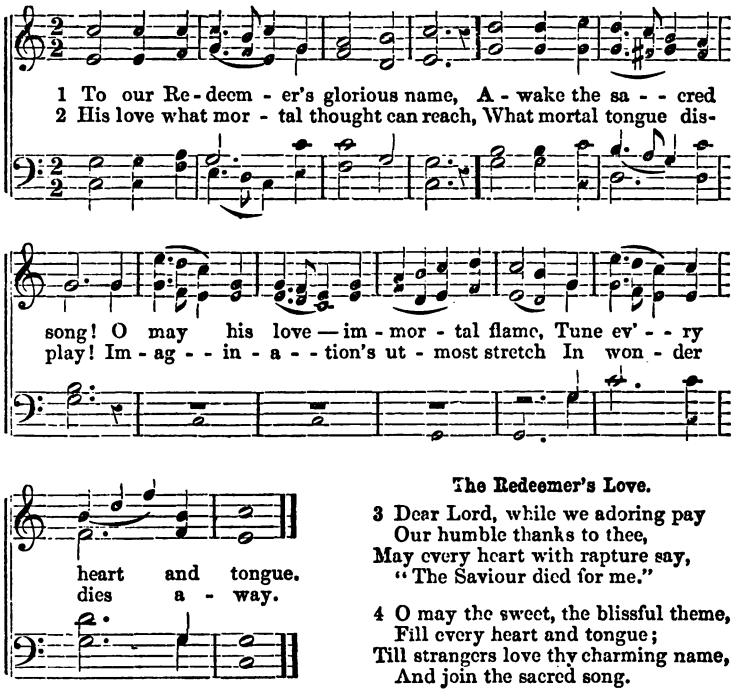
Love of the Bible.

1 Lord, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight.
While through the promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land, of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.



The Redeemer's Love.

3 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me."

4 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue;
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

Success of the Gospel.

1 Great God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.

3 O, when shall these glad tidings
The spacious earth around, [spread
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound.

The Same.

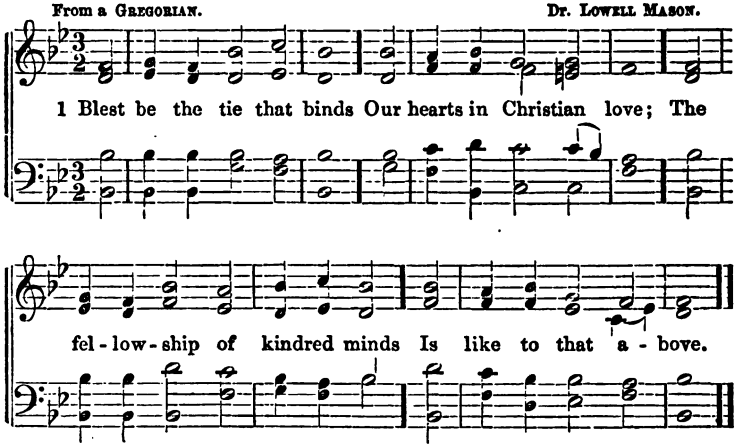
1 O Zion, from thy shades of gloom,
Awake to glorious day!
Thy desert wastes with verdure bloom,
Thy shadows flee away.

2 The gladdening news conveyed afar,
Remotest nations hear;
To welcome in the morning star,
The ransomed tribes appear.

3 The wilderness shall hear his voice,
For full salvation flows,
And Sharon's desert shall rejoice,
And blossom as the rose.

OLMUTZ. S. M.

From a GREGORIAN. DR. LOWELL MASON.



Brotherly Love.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are
Our comforts and our cares. [one,

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way,
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

Frailty of Man.

1 The pity of the Lord,
To those that know his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

2 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered by every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

3 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

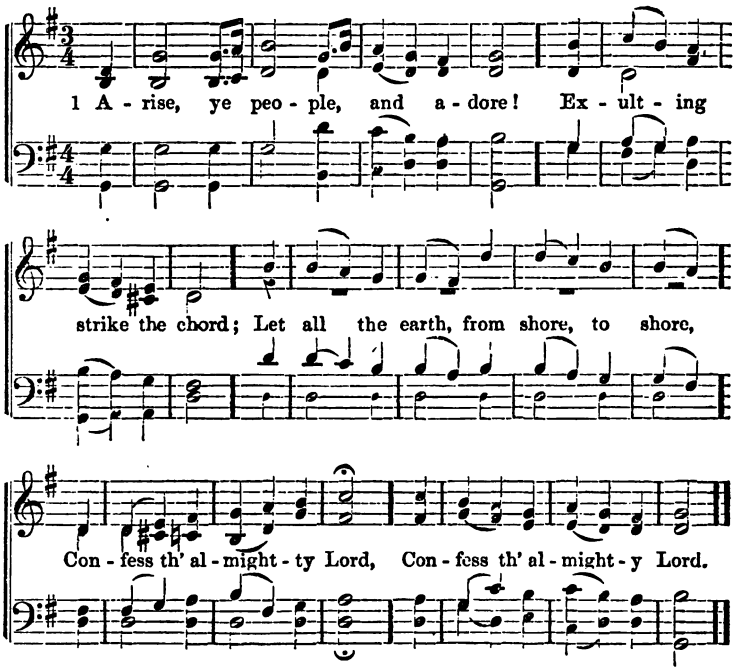
Living Faith.

1 By faith may Jesus dwell
In our believing hearts;
While he that love which none can tell,
In streams of grace imparts.

2 Then filled with every grace,
From strength to strength we'll go,
While Jesus shows his smiling face
In every scene of woe.

3 Then may we comprehend
With all the saints in light,
And see his boundless grace extend,
And know its depth and height.

LUCAS.



Praise.

2 Glad shouts aloud, wide echoing
The glorious God proclaim; [round,
The angelic choir respond the sound,
And praise his matchless name.

3 Oh! shout, ye people, and adore;
Exulting strike the chord;
Let all the earth, from shore,
Confess the almighty Lord.

"Quicken me, O Lord!"

1 Come, mighty Spirit, penetrate
This heart and soul of mine;
And my whole being with thy grace
Pervade, O Life divine!

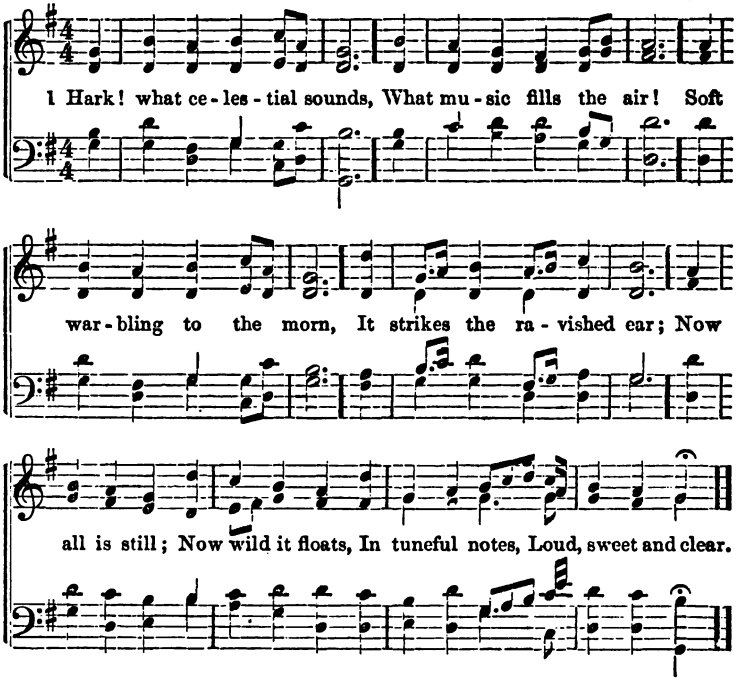
2 As the clear air surrounds the earth,
Thy grace around me roll;
As the fresh light pervades the air,
So pierce and fill my soul.

3 As, from the clouds, drops down in
The precious summer rain, [love
So, from thyself, pour down the flood
That freshens all again.

4 Thus life within our lifeless hearts
Shall make its glad abode;
And we shall shine in beauteous light,
Filled with the light of God.

BETHESDA. H. M.

Dr. Green.



The Angels' Song.

2 The angelic hosts descend,
With harmony divine;
See how from heaven they bend,
And in full chorus join:
"Fear not," they say;
"Great joy we bring:
Jesus, your King,
Is born to day."

3 Glory to God on high!
Ye mortals, spread the sound,
And let your raptures fly
To earth's remotest bound;
For peace on earth,
From God in heaven,
To man is given,
At Jesus' birth.

The Cross.

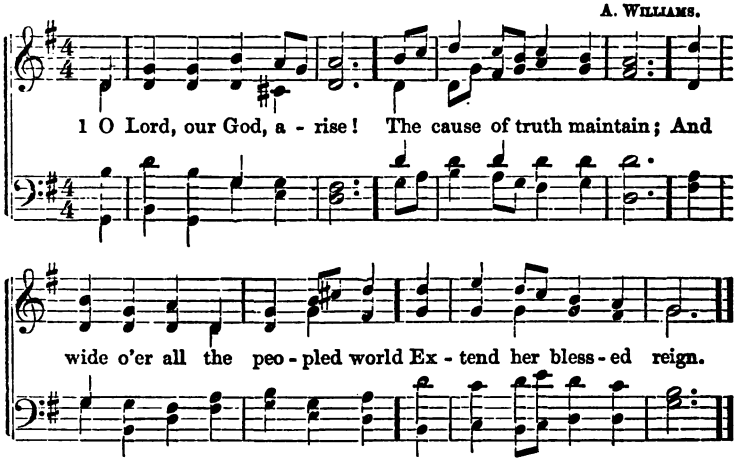
The cross hath power to save
From all the foes that rise;
The cross hath made the grave
A passage to the skies:
Angels and saints its power shall sing,
Till heaven's eternal arches ring.

The Plea of Poverty.

Encouraged by thy word
Of promise to the poor,
Behold a beggar, Lord,
Waits at thy mercy's door!
No hand, no heart, O Lord, but thine,
Can help or pity wants like mine.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

A. WILLIAMS.



Prayer for the World.

2 Thou Prince of life, arise,
Nor let thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

3 O Holy Spirit, rise,
Expand thy heavenly wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world,
Let light and order spring.

4 Oh, all ye nations, rise;
To God our Saviour sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring.

Adoption.

1 Behold, what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

3 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

4 We would no longer lie,
Like slaves, beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba Father cry,
And thou the kindred own.

The Call to Arms.

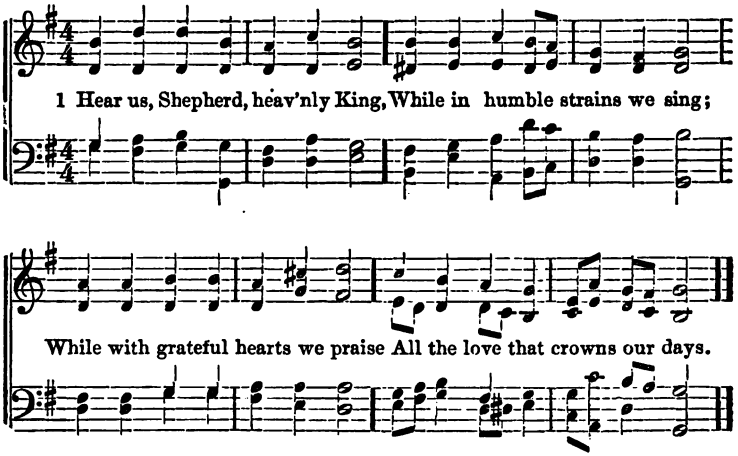
1 Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on;
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his appointed Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

128 HEAR US, SHEPHERD, HEAVENLY KING. 7s M.



The heavenly Shepherd.

2 Thanks for this sweet fold of grace,
Planted in the wilderness;
Watered by the streams of love
Gushing from thy throne above.

3 Wide and green thy pastures are;
May we never wander far!
Ever let thy presence guide,
Where the living waters glide!

4 When a few short days are past,
May we reach thy home at last!
Then in purer strains to praise
Thee for this sweet fold of grace!

Prayer for Inspiration.

1 Holy Spirit, Love divine!
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in thy pure fire!

2 Holy Spirit, Power divine!
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear and nobly strive.

3 Holy Spirit, Right divine!
King within my conscience reign;
Be my Law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, forever free.

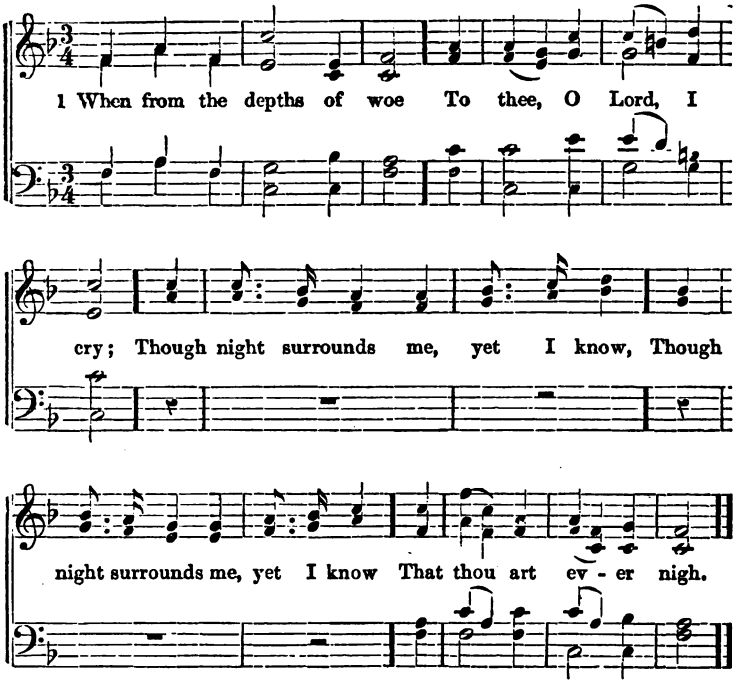
More Love.

1 Hark! my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour; hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?

2 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath;
Free and faithful, strong as death."

3 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore;—
Oh! for grace to love thee more!

Dr. L. Mason.



The Bow in the Cloud.

2 Like them I watch and pray,
Who for the morning long,
Catch the first gleam of welcome day,
Then burst into a song.

3 Glory to God above!
The waters soon will cease,
For lo, the swift returning dove
Brings home the sign of peace!

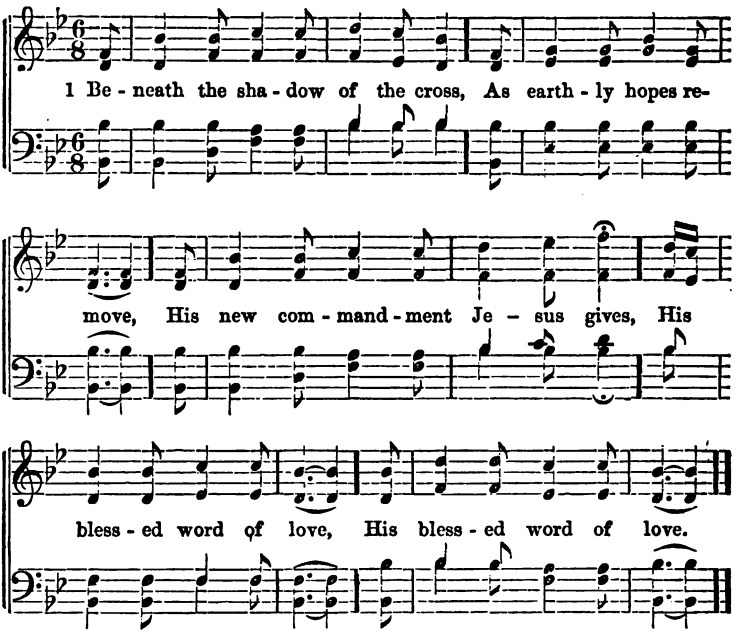
4 Though storms thy face obscure,
And dangers threaten loud,
Thy holy covenant is sure;
Thy bow is in the cloud!

Thanks for all Saints.

1 For all thy saints, O God!
Who strove in thee to live,
Who followed thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

2 They all, in life and death,
With thee, their Lord, in view,
Learned from thy holy spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

3 For this thy name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in thee.



A New Commandment.

2 O bond of union, strong and deep!
O bond of perfect peace!
Not even the lifted cross can harm,
If we but hold to this.

3 Then, Jesus, be thy Spirit ours;
And swift our feet shall move
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
And the sweet tasks of love.

The Morning Cometh.

1 We wait in faith, in prayer we wait,
Until the happy hour
When God shall ope the morning gate,
By his almighty power.

2 We wait in faith, and turn our face
To where the daylight springs;
Till he shall come earth's gloom to chase,
With healing on his wings.

3 And even now, amid the gray,
The east is brightening fast,
And kindling to that perfect day,
Which never shall be past.

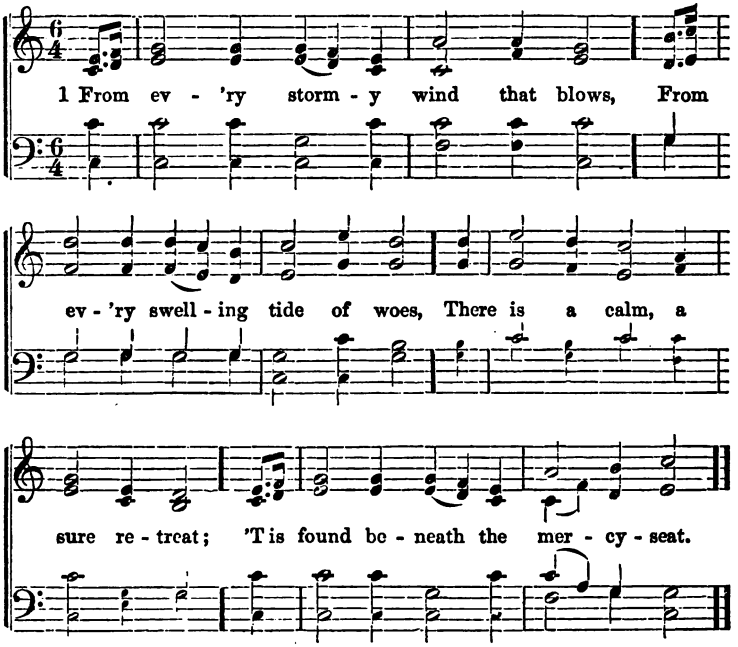
4 We wait in faith, we wait in prayer,
Till that blest day shall shine,
When earth shall fruits of Eden bear,
And all, O God, be thine!

Living to God.

1 O, could I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God!
Then should my hours glide sweet away
While leaning on his word.

2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day;
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



The Mercy-Seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,—
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the heavenly mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith we meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sense and sin seem all no more;
And Heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

None but Christ.

1 Thou only Sovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my Almighty Friend—
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

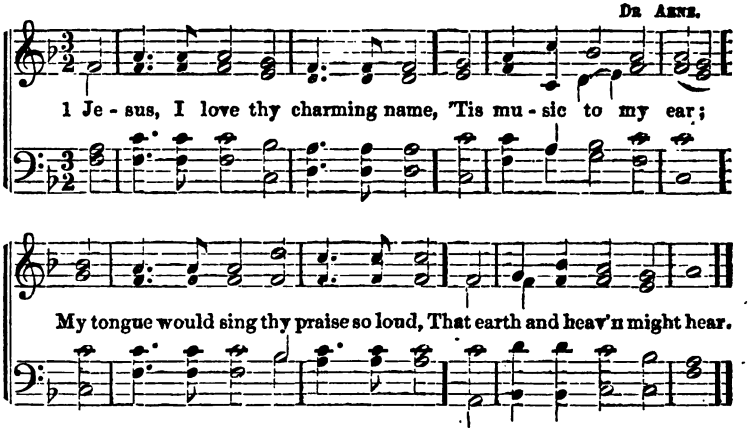
2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go—
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe,
One glimpse of happiness afford?

3 Thy name my inmost powers adore;
Thou art my life, my joy, my care.
Depart from thee! 'tis death, 'tis more;
'Tis the soul's darkness and despair!

4 Low at thy feet my soul would lie;
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life is thine.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

Dr Arne.



All-Sufficiency of Christ.

2 All my capacious powers can wish
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there,—
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

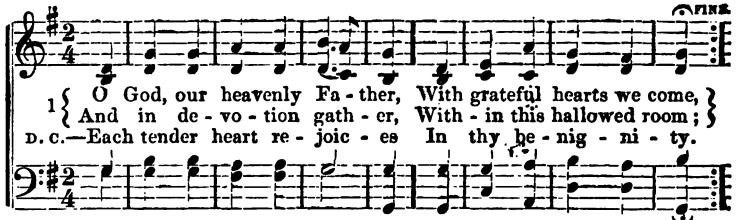
4 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my expiring breath,
And dying clasp thee in my arms,—
The antidote of death.

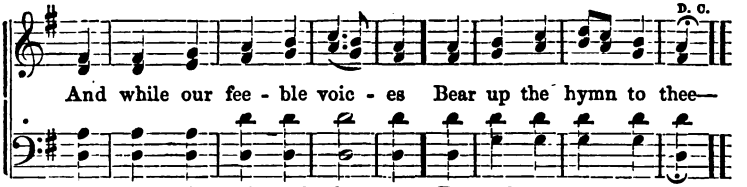
The same.

1 Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to think of thee;
No music like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

2 Our Lord and King shall be our theme,
While in this world we stay,
We'll sing his all-sufficient name
When earthly things decay.

TEMPLE STREET. 7s & 6s M.





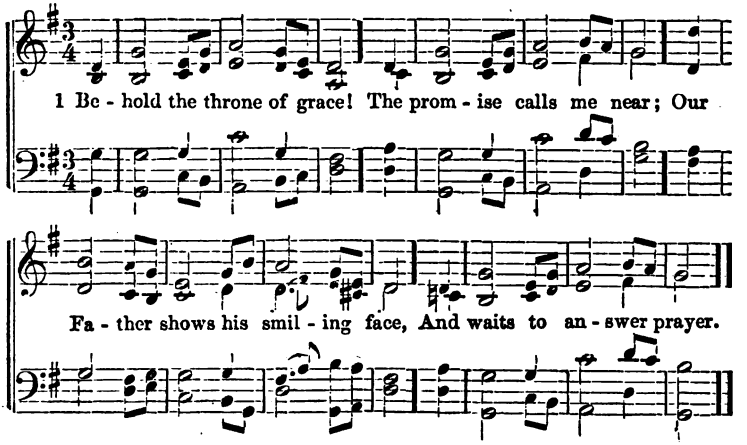
2d v. The way of truth and du - ty, Pursued by thy dear Son—

Near Jesus.

1 I would live near my Saviour,
And never go astray,
To feel that I am growing
More like him every day;
That I am always laying
My treasure up above,
And gaining more his spirit,—
His gentleness and love.

2 I want such steadfast purpose
My mission to fulfil,
That it shall be my glory
To do my Father's will;
To follow in His footsteps,
Who never turned aside
From any call to duty,
Though often sorely tried.

IOWA. S. M.



Ask and Receive.

2 Beyond thy utmost wants,
His love and power can bless;
To praying souls he always grants
Much more than words express.

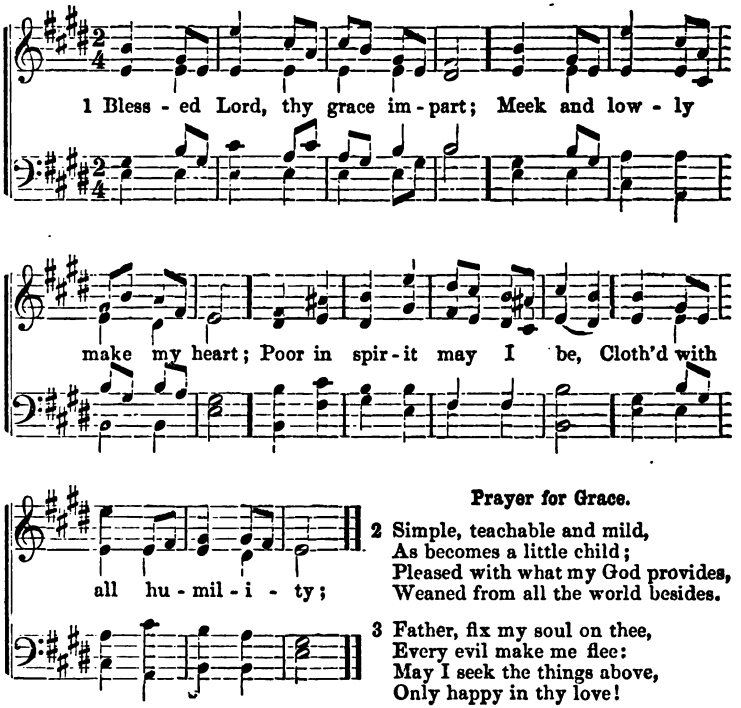
3 If thou these blessings give,
And wilt my portion be,
Cheerful the world's poor toys I leave
To them who know not thee.

Perseverance.

1 My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

NASHVILLE. 7s M.



Prayer for Grace.

2 Simple, teachable and mild,
As becomes a little child;
Pleased with what my God provides,
Weaned from all the world besides.

3 Father, fix my soul on thee,
Every evil make me flee:
May I seek the things above,
Only happy in thy love!

Invocation.

1 In this peaceful house of prayer
Stronger faith, O God! we seek;
Here we bring each earthly care,
Thou the strength'ning message speak!

2 In our greatest trials we
Calm, thro' thee, the way have trod;
In the smallest, may we feel
Thou art still our Helper-God.

The Temple of the Heart.

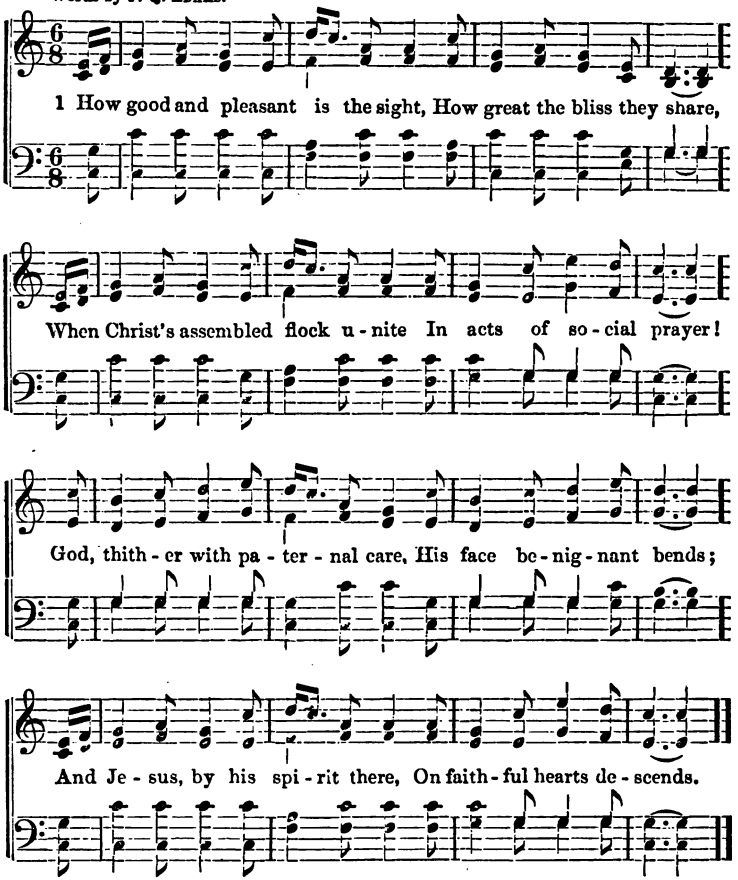
1 To the Truth that makes us free,
To the Light that leads to thee,
We this hour would dedicate,
And thy blessing, Lord, await.

2 Canst thou be approached by men?
Angels and archangels, when
God his brightness on them sheds,
Veil their faces, bow their heads.

3 Yet we know, O God, thou art
Present in the lowly heart;
There will he descend and reign,
Whom the heavens cannot contain.

4 In our hearts thy temple rear;
Show us, God, thy glory there;
Fill us with that light divine,
Which shall make all places thine.

Words by J. Q. Adams.



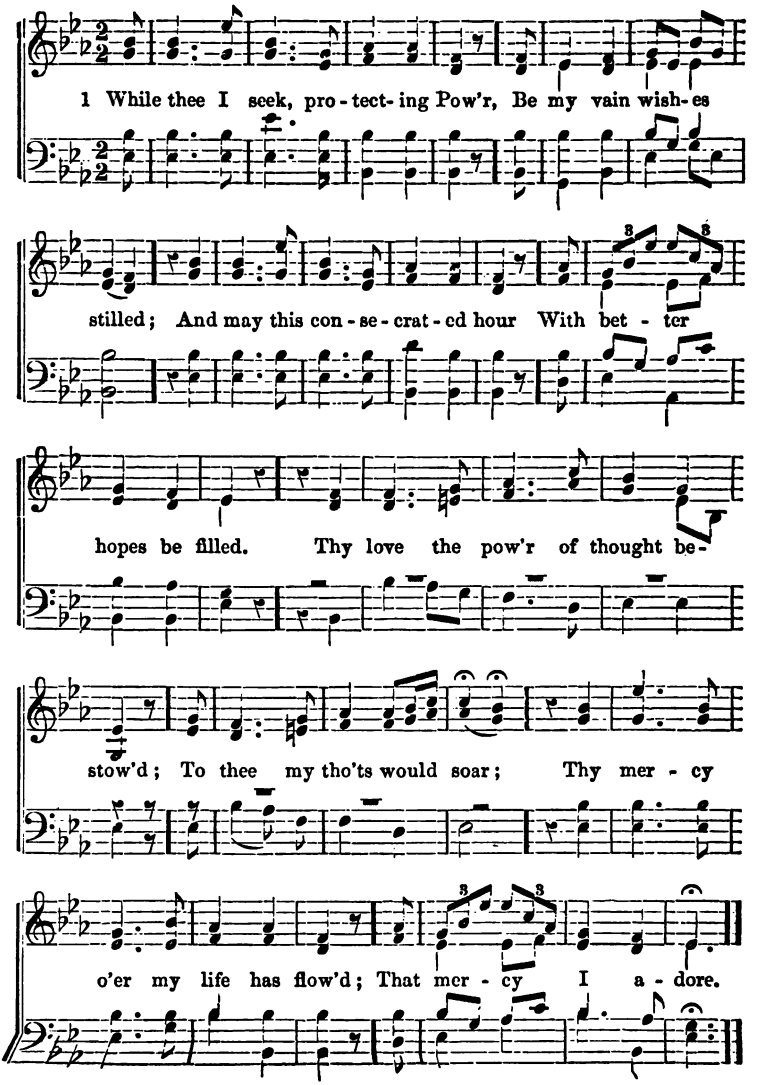
Social Worship.

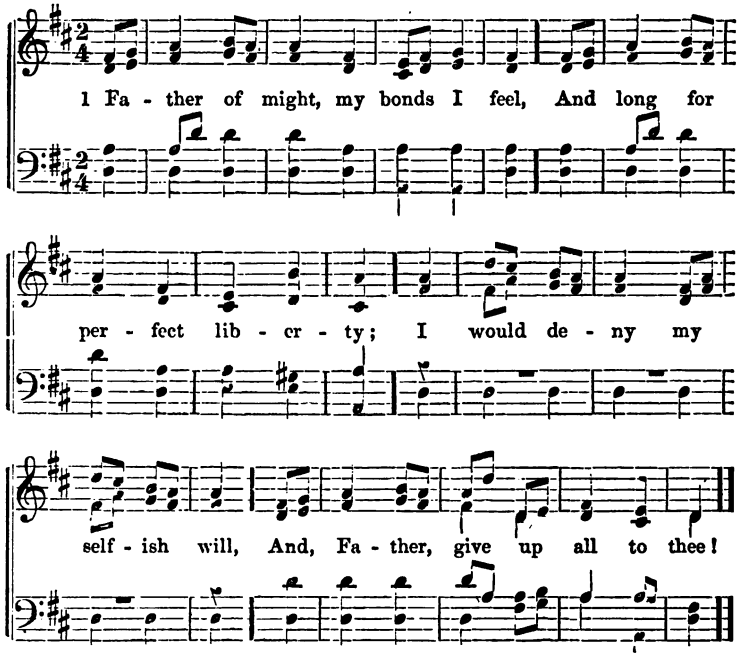
2 To such, by hallowed lips expressed,
His grace confirms his word,
As once Cornelius' house it blest,
From holy Peter heard:
On prayer and praise in faith preferred,
His heavenly dew is shed;
And he to all who come prepared,
Dispenses heavenly bread.

3 To God, adored in ages past,
Enthroned in majesty,—
To God, whose worship age shall last
Throughout eternity,—
To thee, great God, we bend the knee,
And in the Holy Ghost,
Through Christ, all glory give to thee,
With all thy heavenly host.

BRATTLE STREET. C. M. Double.

I. PLEYEL.





Self-Renunciation.

2 O with thy strength my weakness fill!
That strength shall ev'ry foe subdue;
The doubts that tempt, the sins that kill:
The wishes to the cross untrue.

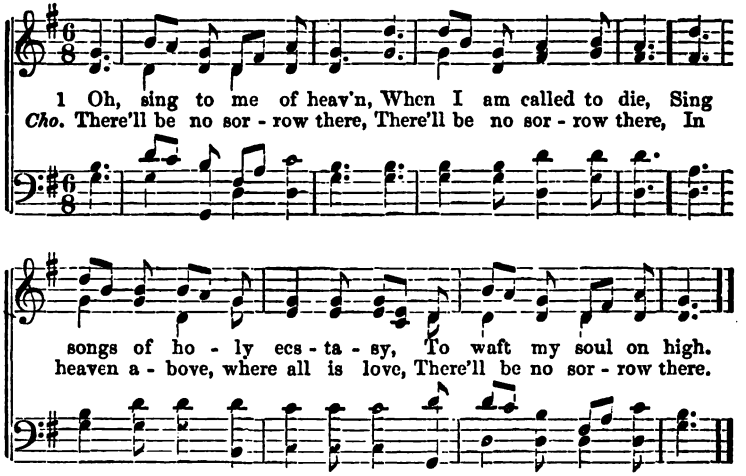
3 A mind renewed in me reveal,
Thy spirit's fulness, Lord, impart!
Till my devoted life shall tell
The abundance of a loving heart.

4 So shall I own thy perfect sway,
And, sitting humbly at thy feet,
Thy law with all my heart obey,
And all my soul to thee submit.

BRATTLE STREET.—(Concluded from opposite page.)

2 In each event of life how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferred by thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

3 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my tho'ts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
My lifted eye without a tear
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart shall rest on thee.



The Heavenly Home.

2 When the last moments come,
Oh, watch my dying face,
To catch the bright seraphic gleam
Which o'er my features plays.

3 Then to my raptured ear,
Let one sweet song be given;
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.

4 Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest,
And fold my pale and icy hands
Upon my lifeless breast.

5 Then round my senseless clay
Assemble those I love,
And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
My glorious home above.

Glories of Heaven.

1 Far from these scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of joy and pure delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 No cloud those regions know,—
Realms ever bright and fair,
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

3 O, may this prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire,
Bear every thought above.

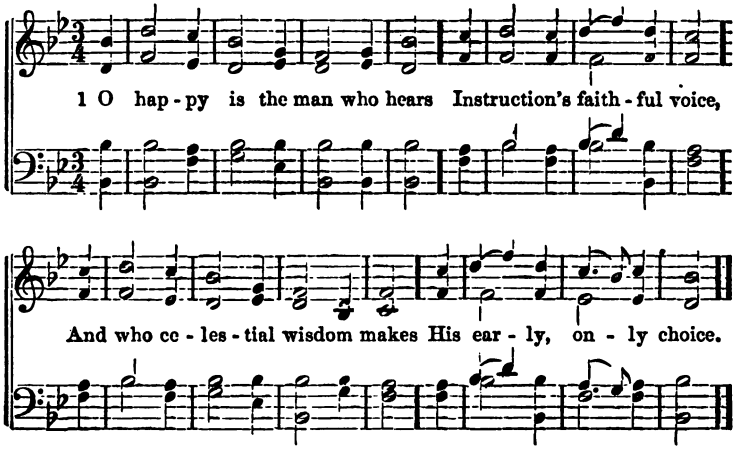
The Risen One.

1 O spirit freed from earth,
Rejoice, thy work is done!
The weary world 's beneath thy feet,
Thou brighter than the sun!

2 Awake, and breathe the air
Of the celestial clime!
Awake to love that knows no change,
Thou who hast done with time!

3 Ascend! thou art not now
With those of mortal birth;
The living God has touch'd thy lips,
Thou who hast done with earth!

SCOTTISH.



The Ways of Wisdom.

2 Her treasures are of more esteem
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their mines of gold.

3 She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

4 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

Remember thy Creator.

1 In the glad morn of life, when youth
With generous ardor glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
That beauty can disclose;

2 Deep on thy soul—before its powers
Are yet by vice enslaved,—
Be thy Creator's lofty name
And character engraved.

3 For soon the shades of grief may cloud
The sunshine of thy days;
And cares and toils, an endless round,
Encompass all thy ways.

4 True wisdom, early sought and gained,
In age will give you rest.
O then, improve the morn of life,
To make its evening blest!

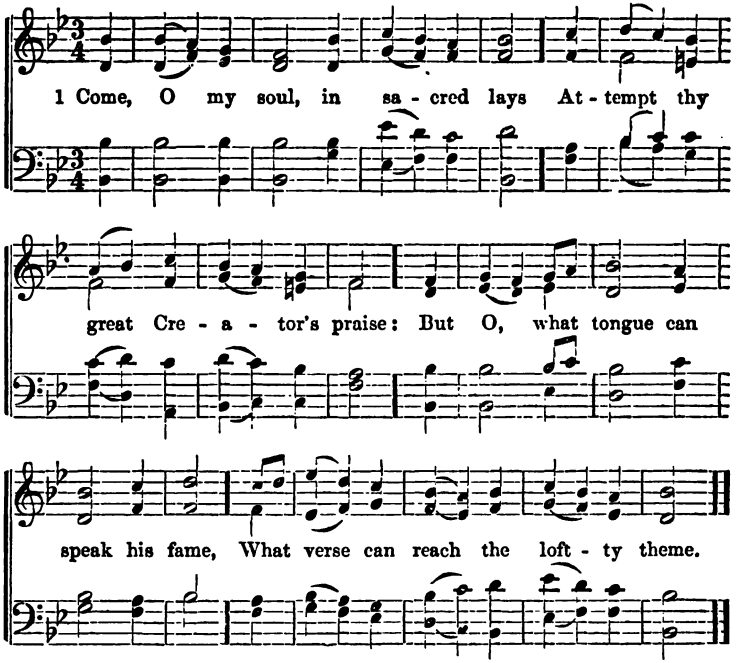
Grace implored.

1 I cannot call affliction sweet,
And yet 't was good to bear;
Affliction brought me to thy feet,
And I found comfort there.

2 Lord, grant me grace for every day,
Whate'er my state may be,
Thro' life, in death, with truth to say,
"My God is all to me."

ALL SAINTS. L. M.

W. KNAPP.



Praise.

2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Almighty power with wisdom shines;
His works, thro' all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Till listening worlds shall join the song.

Jesus' Love.

1 Jesus, thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
Unite my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there.

2 Oh, let thy love my soul inflame,
And to thy service sweetly bind;
Transfuse it through my inmost frame,
And mould me wholly to thy mind.

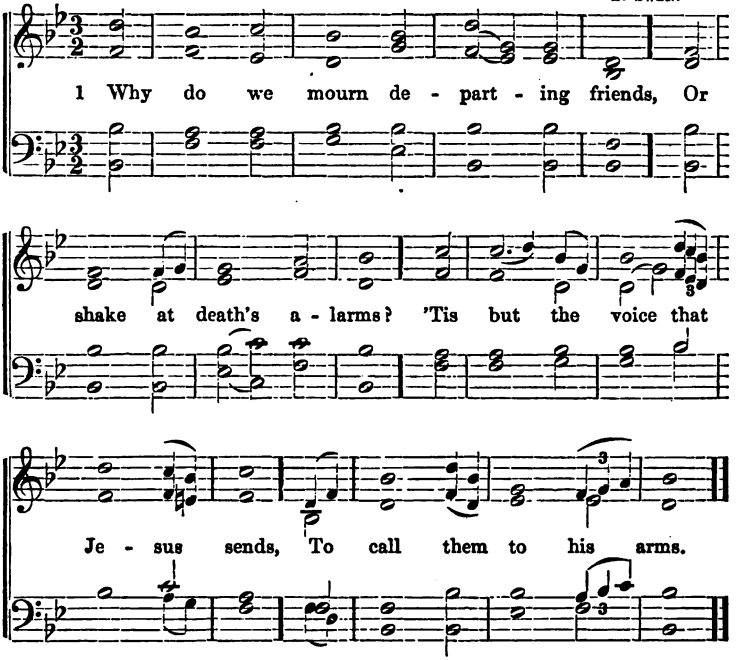
3 Thy love in suffering be my peace,
Thy love in weakness make me strong,
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Thy love shall be in heaven my song.

Blessed to mourn.

1 Oh, deem not they are blessed alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
Our God, who pities man, has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

2 For God has marked each sorrowing
And numbered every secret tear;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall
For all his children suffer here. [day,

T. Swan.



Departed Friends.

2 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
The grave, where once our Saviour lay,
Hath lost its fearful gloom.

3 Thence he arose—and now commends
To us his gracious charms!
The glory that his truth attends,
Death of its sting disarms.

4 Though earth and all its joys be dim,
On God in faith rely;
Our life is hid with Christ in him;
That life can never die.

The Dead are Ours.

1 The dead are like the stars by day,
Withdrawn from mortal eye,
Yet holding unperceived their way
Through the unclouded sky.

2 By them, through holy hope and love,
We feel in hours serene,
Connected with a world above,
Immortal and unseen.

3 For death his sacred seal hath set
On bright and by-gone hours;
And they we mourn are with us yet,
Are more than ever ours!

4 Ours by the pledge of love and faith,
By hopes of heaven on high;
By trust, triumphant over death,
In immortality.

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Vestry harmonies :
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